MORROW'S ALMANACK AND EVERY-DAY-BOOK FOR 1930

THAYER HOBSON, *Philom.*

☞ Being an *Every Day Book* of rare WIT, striking INFORMATION, deep WISDOM & scandalous FOLLY, with MOVING poems & AMAZING tales, valuable INSTRUCTIONS, prophecies, *calendars*, recipes, *advice*, weather & stock market FORECASTS for the ENTIRE YEAR. *The never before published pieces* of 51 contributors, profusely ILLUSTRATED by 13 Famous Artists, & garnished by 1 EXPERIENCED Philomenus for MAN & BEAST. ☜

MORROW'S ALMANACK

AND

EVERY-DAY-BOOK FOR 1930

☞ A perennial Companion & *guide* for EVERY MAN in EVERY MOOD, being a *miscellany* of rare wit & WISDOM writ for this volume & *never before* seen in print; from the pens of more than Half an HUNDRED distinguished moderns *of our day*, pious & *other*wise.
And, too, *forecasts* and Prophecies for WEATHER and EVENTS, Calendars, Lunations, *Advice* & Recipes---All *Seasoned* with salt from the ANCIENTS and *garnished* by *numerous* Famous ARTISTS. ☜

THAYER HOBSON, *Philom.*

NEW YORK

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Published October, 1929

TO

FRANCES PHILLIPS

Whose name should be on the title page as Co-Philom. of this Almanack. For she had as much, if not more, to do with it as the Philomenus himself—and without her the volume never would have appeared.

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This Seems to Be the End

ESTEEMED READER

WEEP not for Burton Rascoe—he still lives. Which reassurance we extend to those who tasted and browsed on the delights of former Almanacks which Mr. Rascoe prepared for the instruction and amusement of mankind.

As *Philomenus* (that, when applied to an Almanack and Englished, means Editor) he has passed; as critic, author, stock market operator, sage, and contributor to the Almanack, he is still very much with us, flourishing both in body and mind.

Who could wear Burton Rascoe's shoes? That canny Scot, Will Morrow, was reluctant to lose the *Philomenus* of his Almanack, and did all in his power to persuade the wearied Editor to continue his labors for yet another year. But Mr. Rascoe shook his head, murmured "Gustibus," and boarded the 3:20 train for Larchmont.

An Almanack without an editor is like a balloon without gas, so Will Morrow looked about. For no less than the *N. Y. Times* had uncompromisingly decreed that the Almanack be continued in perpetuity, and who wittingly will defy the *N. Y. Times?* Certainly no publisher with Scotch blood in his veins. So Will Morrow looked about, and as Dorothy Parker

might have said, but didn't, a *Philomenus* can always be had, here or there, this way or that way. . . .

A bow (stooping, not shooting) may have either of two purposes, to acknowledge plaudits, or to avoid missiles. The moment has come to bow, for the 1930 Almanack is here. Let the *N. Y. Times* now continue in its stately but somewhat overwhelming manner to print the news; it need have no further concern for the *Entertainment* or the *Morals* of the American People; which is boastfully said by the *Philomenus,* for the volume cannot help being what the Contributors have made it. Pray examine the pages of contents. There you will find a galaxy of names such as you rarely come upon—Authors, Poets, and Artists who have dedicated themselves to the improvement of your mind and the edification of your character, the tickling of your humor and the satisfaction of your every mood.

We prophesy that for those who peruse the Almanack and Every-Day Book, *faithfully,* throughout the coming year, clouds of ignorance will be dispelled; drinking and wenching will be on the increase; lacquered faces will be cracked by laughter; and psychoanalysts be hard put to it for a living.

Like Rabelais, one of the most famous of Prognosticators, we have consulted the Astrophiles, Hypernephilists, Anemophylaces, Uranopets, and Ombrophores—specialists in their lines if you know what we mean. *And he who dismisses lightly the prognostications of Morrow's Almanack does not know his Almanacks.*

FOR—

Who prophesied for 1929 the end of the Presidential yacht, *Mayflower?* (Alm., 1929, p. 16). Did Charles Levine crash a plane and the front page? *No one noticed it* (ibid., 57). Was June 20th a hot day? *Dunt esk* (ibid., 146). Was the President given a dog? *Bow-wow!* (ibid., 61). Did General Motors report a profit for the first six months of the year? *It might have been called that* (ibid., 196). Did Texas Guinan go to jail? *Not that little girl* (ibid., 57). Was Tilden reinstated to amateur standing? *More amateurish than ever* (ibid., 59). Was there a murder in Chicago? *Who is left to say?* (ibid., 60). Did Roy Howard buy another paper? *Easy* (ibid., 58). Did the stock market fluctuate? *Sweet and low* (ibid., 244).

Many men and some women can be accurate about the past. But the future! That means gazing at stars, and there are not many; the higher the fewer.

One word more, and we are done.

The Unexpected is often more pleasant than the Predictable, and to the Reader who demands from this volume other than he finds we recommend the dictionary; there everything is comfortably in its place. Expect no more reason in this volume than you find in life. More than one mourner has laughed at a funeral, and *it is only now and then that two and two make four.*

Yr. Obdt. Philom.

THAYER HOBSON.

OF ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1930

In the year 1930 there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon.

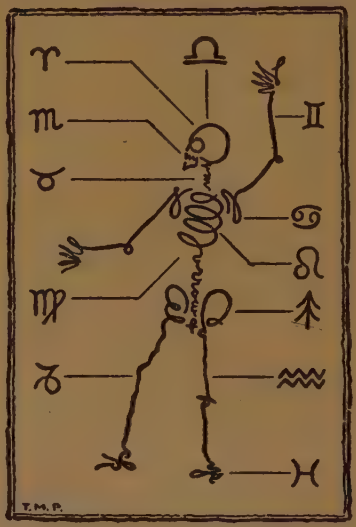
1. A partial eclipse of the moon April 13th, visible in North and South America; the beginning also visible in the southwestern part of Europe and the northwestern part of Africa. Magnitude of eclipse, 0.111.
2. A central eclipse of the sun April 28th, visible as a partial eclipse in North America and the northeastern part of Asia. The annular-total path crosses the northwestern part of the United States, central Canada, and the northern part of Labrador.
3. A partial eclipse of the moon October 7th, visible in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. Magnitude of eclipse, 0.029.
4. A total eclipse of the sun October 21–22, visible as a partial eclipse in the eastern part of Australia, New Guinea, and the southern part of South America. The total path crosses the south Pacific Ocean, touching a few small islands, and ending in the southern part of South America.

Full Moon ☽ Last Quarter ☾ New Moon ● First Quarter ☽

THE NAMES AND CHARACTERS OF THE PLANETS

♄ Saturn ♃ Jupiter ♂ Mars ♀ Venus ☿ Mercury
♅ Uranus ♆ Neptune

Aries—*Head*
Taurus—*Neck*
Gemini—*Arms*
Cancer—*Breast*
Leo—*Heart*
Virgo—*Belly*



Libra—*Brown Derby*
Scorpio—*Secrets*
Sagittarius—*Thighs*
Capricornus—*Knees*
Aquarius—*Legs*
Pisces—*Feet*

Zodiac Design by T. M. PRENTICE

MORNING AND EVENING STARS

MORNING STARS

Mercury
Jan. 21 to April 1
May 20 to May 3
Sept. 21 to Nov. 6

Venus
Jan. 1 to Feb. 6
Nov. 22 to Dec. 31

Mars
Jan. 1 to Dec. 31

Jupiter
June 20 to Dec. 31

Saturn
Jan. 1 to June 30

Uranus
Apr. 1 to Oct. 7

Neptune
Jan. 1 to Feb. 21
Aug. 27 to Dec. 31

EVENING STARS

Mercury
Jan. 1 to Jan. 21
Apr. 1 to May 20
July 15 to Sept. 21
Nov. 6 to Dec. 31

Venus
Feb. 6 to Nov. 22

Jupiter
Jan. 1 to June 20

Saturn
June 30 to Dec. 31

Uranus
Jan. 1 to Apr. 1
Oct. 7 to Dec. 31

Neptune
Feb. 21 to Aug. 27

THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASONS IN 1930

(Eastern Standard Time)

SPRING *begins* March 21st, 3:30 A.M. AUTUMN *begins* September 23rd, 1:37 P.M.
SUMMER *begins* June 21st, 10:54 P.M. WINTER *begins* December 22nd, 8:40 A.M.

OUR ZODIAC

An architect, who wandered back from the Beaux Arts a few months ago, opened an office with one Adams, and shortly after took a train to Hartford for a gold medal for the best work of the year in Conn.

JANUARY BEGINS *on* WEDNESDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

The Sign of Aquarius

Now bleak nor'westers heap the drifted snows,
And o'er cold realms the piercing, rude wind blows;
Chain'd to their banks while torrents cease to roar,
And freighted barques on Hudson glide no more.

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, *Prophecies*, &c.
1	We	Will be a long year *in which the blind will see* very little.
2	Th	William Lyon Phelps born, 1865.
3	Fr	Earth in Perihelion, 7:00 A.M., *whatever that may mean.*
4	Sa	Late Xmas presents arrive, most of them large bill folds for old
5	Su	Church on this first Sunday of the year? [style currency.
6	Mo	Twelfth Day, a seasonable time to bury all New Year resolu-
7	Tu	A well known publisher may *shoot* a Book-Club— [tions. [F ☽ Q]
8	We	editor today or tomorrow.
9	Th	Fish don't bite on an East Wind.
10	Fr	The Fast of Tebet. Don't pick TEETH on a cold day.
11	Sa	Dwight Morrow born, 1873. Today or tomorrow mighty gusts
12	Su	of wind in day or night, or *both, or neither.*
13	Mo	Arnold Daly died, 1927. Aged 51. An unfavorable day.
14	Tu	*Now* you may expect some snow. [F ♉ M]
15	We	Do NOT marry before noon *on this day.*
16	Th	Calves Head Club destroyed in London, 1734. Other London
17	Fr	Put out crumbs & suet for the poor birds. [clubs *increase*
18	Sa	Many golf tournaments in South this month. [membership.
19	Su	Robert E. Lee born, 1807.
20	Mo	Travel, remove, & deal with females *until 2:30 P.M.*
21	Tu	Gen. Goethals d., 1928. [L ☾ Q]
22	We	Cold today at Helena, Mont.
23	Th	Fewer divorces in Delaware than *any State ex. S. C.*
24	Fr	$15,000,000 of GOLD TEETH buried in U.S. every year.
25	Sa	*These times are confused.*
26	Su	About 1,300,000 Smiths in U.S.; 35,000 John Smiths; *1 Al.*
27	Mo	In N. Y., next to Smith comes Cohen.
28	Tu	Women had the same divorce rights as men in
29	We	Babylon 4,000 years ago. [N ● M]
30	Th	PHANTOM, trick horse, flew from Le Bourget to London, 1928.
31	Fr	*There's a good deal of information in this Almanack.*

January finds fine folk fishing and frolicking in Florida.

JANUARY

TRAVEL IS SO SHRINKENING

by BURTON RASCOE

Whose name will always be associated with Morrow's Almanack *as the Philomenus for the first two years, without whose aid and counsel this third volume never would have appeared.*

ON contemplating the familiar assertion that travel is a broadening factor in the development of the mind, I am astonished to reflect that among all my acquaintances, in books or out, those who travel most are the greatest simpletons. There is something about travel that seems to rob the persistent indulgers in it of even the rudimentary ideas that must have once been their equipment and to erase from their memories any concrete or vivid impression of anything. Ask any persistent traveler who has just returned from a trek across the Arabian desert, or who has just done the cathedral towns of France, or penetrated to the recesses of the Congo to tell you what he got out of his adventure and you will be astonished by his answers. It will soon become apparent that what he got out of

the trip was an attack of seasickness on the first day out of Cherbourg. He will tell you then that ordinarily he is a very good traveler and will give you a remedy for seasickness, advice about the best boats to take, and warn you to beware of the street merchants of Cairo and of the shop-keepers of France. Persist in your pursuit of the knowledge he has acquired and you will listen to an account consisting exclusively of trivialities. If he tells you about a cathedral that particularly interested him, you will find that he has located it in the wrong province, confused its architecture with that of another cathedral described in the guide book, and has no specific notion about it except that it is "Wonderful!" If he volunteers any observations on the customs of the people which you have not heard a hundred times before, you need only seek out a native of the country to discover that these observations are wrong and are based upon misapprehensions arising from preconceived ideas.

It is not that persistent travelers are inarticulate, for many of them give lectures or write books about their travels. Pick up a book by any foreign visitor to the United States and turn to those pages in which he writes about the particular section of the country with which you are familiar. You will find that he might just as well have written that particular passage without ever crossing the ocean, so absurd is it. This goes for all of them, from Count Keyserling on down. In a book by one of them written by an English bluestocking who had flitted here and there giving lectures

before women's clubs, I recently encountered a passage that admirably illustrates my point. The people of the middle west, she writes, have an inner life like the characters of a Russian novel; they have on their tongue's end beautiful and expressive phrases and have "developed an idiom which is exactly the reverse of the English tongue in that it is admirably suited for describing the events of the inner life." Chicago policemen, she writes, have this idiom in its finest quality.

Do not ask the lady if she was quite sure that she was able to penetrate to the inner lives of the people of the vast middle west by overhearing a Chicago traffic cop bawling out a motorist; for hers is but a brand of the common absurdity which nearly all of us fall into when we travel. We carry in our heads preconceived notions about a country before we ever visit it, and we either have our notions confirmed by seeing things in the false light of our imaginations or we see unexpected things for which we have no data of reference and must attach some significance to it. In doing this we make a generalization which is either a commonplace or idiotic.

The preconceived notion derived from a cliché becomes established as a fact even by those who refuse to open their eyes to what is before them. I have only to mention the assertion you encounter in articles and books and conversation time and time again. It is the assertion that you never see an intoxicated Frenchman in Paris. You need only to stroll along the Seine any evening at twilight to see dozens of them, reeling along

and shouting, stewed to the eyebrows, crazy with cognac.

Of course, we have only to examine the adage about the broadening effect of travel by applying it to the test. If the adage were true Richard Halliburton would have by now a greater mind than Einstein, and Burton J. Holmes would be a mental colossus. But when you read the books of these much-traveled gentlemen you will find that their mentalities are of no startling calibre. Mr. Holmes' writings sound as though his ideas would best be accompanied by lantern slides, and Mr. Halliburton's sound as though his were best tied up in pink ribbon and sprinkled with forget-me-nots.

We all have need of travel, certainly, if only it is a short motor trip on a Sunday or holiday out into the country, for psychologists and physicians tell us that a change of scene, however uncomfortable and inconvenient, is beneficial. But even on our jaunts along the highway let us not be too ready to conclude and voice the conclusion that all of the hot-dog stands in the state of New York serve stale buns while those in Connecticut serve fresh ones, on the strength of the fact that at the hot-dog stand we stopped at near Elmira, N. Y., we were served a stale bun whereas the bun we got at the hot-dog stand near Winston, Conn., was fresh. That is a method of reasoning reserved for people who write books of travel and comment on the customs and characteristics, the politics and behavior of residents of foreign countries.

CALENDRIC GUIDE TO READING

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR JANUARY

JOHN MACY, *Cicerone*

The Philomenus takes pride in presenting this perennial feature. As in former years, every month a book for each week will be suggested by Mr. Macy, critic and editor, author of The Spirit of American Literature, The Critical Game, The Story of The World's Literature, *etc.*

January 5. A WINTER'S TALE. By Wm. Shakespeare.
A good beginning for the new year. And at least one play by Shakespeare every month throughout the year.

January 12. WINTER WORDS. By Thomas Hardy.
The last poems written at eighty have the same quality as those written at forty. The valedictory of a great poet and still greater novelist.

January 19. ESSAYS: FIRST AND SECOND SERIES. By Matthew Arnold.
It is well to start our year's reading with a sound critical sense. And Arnold remains after half a century the sane disinterested teacher of the real right thing.

January 26. A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG. By Remy De Gourmont.
A delightfully blasphemous fantasy by one of the finest modern French critics, who both in his criticism and in his fiction approaches life with a light ironical intellectual curiosity which does not conceal his warm enthusiasms or his profound erudition.

THIS IS THE FIRST OF MR. TRENT'S BIRTHDAY SERIES. YOU WILL FIND ONE IN EACH MONTH.

On his birthday, January 17th, David Lloyd George should visit among his old associates and get advice about how to get back into power.

This artist, himself, admits that no periodical with self-respect would appear without one of his drawings, that he thinks Wallace Morgan the greatest living artist (Mr. Trent's own teacher), and that he reads the 18th Amendment after every meal, for laughing aids digestion.

GENERAL PROPHECIES FOR 1930

by THE PHILOMENUS

Including Events Which Might Happen as Well as Those That Will Happen

COLONEL CHARLES LINDBERGH will turn down the *Evening Graphic's* offer for a diary of his first year of married life.

All efforts of the Roman Catholic church to proselytize Senator Heflin will fail.

Pilgrim's Progress will be banned in Boston.

William Randolph Hearst will be sued for libel.

An entirely new and astonishing use will be discovered for Listerine.

Romance will at last touch and brighten the life of Peggy Joyce.

The Yale crew will rest their oars, even if they feel pretty good themselves, when they finish the race at New London.

Roy Howard will buy still another newspaper (see 1929 *ALMANACK*).

Undiscouraged by past failures, Western football elevens will travel Eastward and patiently try to teach Eastern teams what the game is all about.

To a prominent Episcopal bishop it will be revealed that the whole trouble with marriage today lies in the fact that modern youth does not realize how serious it all is.

Union Carbide will rise at least 20 points before the end of 1930.

Jeanne Eagels will be in Dutch with Actors' Equity.

There will be an epidemic of measles in Cleveland, Ohio.

There will be more marriages than divorces in South Carolina.

Calvin Coolidge will add another mite to his savings account.

Five beautiful choir singers will be led away from the altar by five clergymen.

A new publishing house will be launched with a platform of "fewer and better books."

The theatrical season in New York will be better than last year. It couldn't be worse. (For further particulars, see the several discussions by specialists on this subject elsewhere in this volume.)

This year William T. Tilden, 2nd, will be declared a professional. (Reinstatement 1931.)

The traffic problem in New York will cease to exist, all streets being torn up and quite impassable.

Gene Tunney will be asked to take a chair in Comparative Literature at Radcliffe.

Foreign Embassies in Washington for the most part will have another wet year.

On the Road to Mandalay will be sung frequently at mixed gatherings and *Gunga Din* will be in demand at stag parties.

New Yorkers will still be able to ride all day in the subway for one nice nickel.

Mabel Boll will not cross the Atlantic, but she may try a bar or two.

The government will open an aggressive campaign against the smuggling of aliens into the United States from Brooklyn.

CONTENTMENT & COVETOUSNESS, TEMPERANCE & GLUTTENY, SOBRIETY & DRUNKENNES, compared, *shewing their Respective Effects on our* HAPPINESS & MISERY.

Content will give a relish to all my pleasures, and make me an epicure upon my little fortune, and enjoy to the full heighth all that I have; whilst Covetousness would let me starve in the midst of plenty, and make a beggar of me though I wallowed in gold. Temperance and sobriety will give me life and health, a calm and free exercise of my reason, whilst gluttony and Drunkenness will enervate my body and stupify my soul, make me live like a beast, and die like a fool. For pleasure has a bewitching faculty, the more we taste it the more we hanker after it; and therefore the best way to avoid being captivated by that syren is to stop our ears to her charms. When we have often baulked our appetites, by denying them what they crave, they will in a while grow so quiet that they will crave no more.

THE OLD WELL

by CHARLES A. WAGNER

Poet and sometimes actor. At other times an editor. At all times a desirable companion.

Two hired men threw their sweethearts in,
Cases of moonshine, barrels of gin
And the cows that lost their footing and fell—
Many the ghostly tales of the well
Whispered down here, bad money and treasure
And dozens of babies begotten of pleasure.
So once I clambered down the stones
To see the tomahawks, scalps and bones
But all that ever was there I found:
Black water shining through the ground!

As it was in the DAYS *of* ROME.

Chiomata, the Wife of Orthiagon, being Prisoner at Rome, was ransomed. This Lady, on her Way home, ordered one of her Servants to assassinate the Roman Tribune, and cut off his Head, which she carried home, and threw at her Husband's Feet. Orthiagon, in the greatest Surprise, asked her if she did not account the Violation of a Treaty inconsistent with her Honour and Reputation. "I do," replied she, "but, still I think it more consistent with my Honour and Reputation that of all the Men ever concerned with me, there is but one alive." She was not so romantically virtuous as Lucretia, but more prudent in attesting her Modesty, rather by the Death of her Ravisher than her own.

The unclad figure being no longer fashionable in Paris on the stage or in art, the pupils of a well-known academy decide to approach the matter from a different angle.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

Whose voice carries across the continent, not only because of its power but because of his words, who knows as much about his corral as Walter Winchell does about his paddock. He has been retained as Western Correspondent for the Almanack, *and prophesies month by month of what he knows will happen.*

250 standpatters of the Olympic Club take their annual New Year's dip in the Pacific. Restoratives are administered before and after. Joe Marron is busy so last year's picture is used.

Large morning newspaper initiates another campaign for Market Street subway. Opposition paper fights plan on the principle that the idea of people traveling underground is unnatural. Arthur Brisbane gets wind of the controversy and connects it deftly with Cro-Magnon man.

There is a persistent rumor that three film companies will move from Hollywood and establish studios down the Peninsula because the climate is better.

Four toll-bridge companies offer to finance a Bay causeway, and a schoolgirl from Alameda County is tendered a luncheon by combined S. F. Service Clubs for devising the original slogan, "Bridge the Bay!"

On January 16, 1920, the eighteenth amendment was proclaimed in effect, a dry decadent decade.

AS THEY WERE DRIVING

by RICHARD HUGHES

Whose book The Innocent Voyage *has shown us what superb writing can be, what satire should be and what the word "Innocent" really means.*

Illustrated by RUTH REEVES

The artist and designer of fabrics who, by leaving red roses, green leaves, and snaky tendrils to their proper place in the garden, and devoting herself to domestic scenes from American life, has given a fresh impetus to modern design and decoration.

THIS being the *n*-nth day of the year, Junior and Baby Sis will now have asked you to tell them a story 3*n* times since January 1st. Or possibly 10*n*. Each time you have told them to run away and play: and each time they have just stuck around.

But today you will comply. You will learn the following story off by heart, and repeat it to them with an air of complete conviction, as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, requiring no explanation whatever, and a little solemn.

Then you will find that they will run away and play without being bidden.

But remember, you must sound completely satisfied about it all yourself, or else they will start asking you to explain, in which case Heaven help you; like History.

As they were driving along the road in their coach, they met all sorts of people. There was a tired old man: so they put him in. And there was a tired old woman, and a crane, and a beautiful roller with gold ends, and a gold rug and a silver rug and another tired old woman.

So they put them all in.

Then they found two great big beautiful horses. So they took the ordinary horses out of the shafts, and made the big beautiful horses pull, and spread the silver rug over them, and spread the gold rug over the tired old man and the two old women and the crane and the roller, and put the two ordinary horses on top of everything.

"Horses!" they cried: "Don't lie on your backs. You don't look nice."

And they turned them over.

"Now," they said, "we are not afraid of the Stones, even if they do attack us: the Curious Brothers, and the Spotted Mother and Child, and the Fossil Brothers, and Mrs. Mogany, and the Fierce Mrs. Moffadyke and all!"

Then they met the Queen, who was looking very worried.

The queen was looking very worried.

"I have lost a gold rug and a silver rug," she said, "and there's a reward of a thousand dollars for them."

"Here you are, here you are!" they cried, and gave them back to her. "Is that all?"

"I have lost a tired old man," she added.

"Here you are, here you are."

"And two tired old women. . . ."

"Here you are!"

"And also a crane. . . ."

"Here you are. Is that all now?"

"I have lost, as well, two of the biggest and most beautiful horses in the world. . . ."

"Here you are."

"And I have lost quite the most beautiful roller in the world, with gold ends."

"Here you are."

"Now," said the Queen, "what reward shall I give you for finding them all?"

"I don't know."

"I do," said the Queen: "I will give them all back to you, for finding them! Here is the crane, and the roller, and the two special horses. . . ."

"Not us! Not us!" cried the old man and the two old women: "Don't give us back!"

"Nonsense!" cried the Queen: "You must *all* be given back to them, for finding you!—Now," she said, "every one will say how rich you are, driving along with all those things: even if you do meet Mrs. Mogany, and the Fierce Mrs. Moffadyke, and all."

And they drove on.

Realizing that after marriage, if not before, the care and upbringing of children is the most embarrassing and perplexing problem of our day, the Philomenus felt that nothing could be of more aid and comfort to the constant reader of the Almanack *than a department devoted to the moral and physical welfare of the Little Ones. Because of his life, experience and habits, one man seemed preëminently fitted to conduct this department—Mr. Edward Hope. It is he who lightens our melancholy with* THE LANTERN *in the* Herald-Tribune, *whose* ALICE *delighted all forty-nine states. We are gratified to announce to the constant reader that from this time forth, Mr. Hope will be our guide and counselor. All communications or inquiries regarding your personal problems addressed to Mr. Hope in care of the Philomenus will be forwarded free of charge, and Mr. Hope's fees for his advice will be found quite nominal, for in his heart Mr. Hope loves the Little Ones and wishes them well.*

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—JANUARY

by EDWARD HOPE

The care of children in January is particularly difficult. To begin with there is the awful first day of the month when many parents find that their children not only look but also sound double. This is an occasion for extreme patience and lenience, if the children are to be safeguarded from psychic shocks which might pursue them through life. The best thing for a child on New Year's Day, if he has no Aunt Isobel in Philadelphia who is willing to provide a refuge during the emergency, is to have his parents se-

curely locked up in the padded room which every modern home should have for this purpose.

Physically, January second should mark the beginning of the recuperation from Christmas, unless too much candy has been left lying about and unless the child has managed to get at the egg nog in a spirit of fun. The daily doses of castor oil may be diminished, under ordinary circumstances, from the second day of the month. The danger of cuts from broken toys persists for several weeks, however, and the supply of iodine and peroxide should not be allowed to fall below standard.

As the month goes on, country children are likely to seek out partly frozen bodies of water to skate and slide upon. It is best to dress them, whenever they leave the house, in self-heated life-saving suits. Straight hills with no very solid trees at their edges are recommended for coasting, as little skulls are not always as thick as they seem. City children meanwhile are likely to fall victims to Sniffles, a disease originally discovered by Æscharpos in 198 B.C. The best treatment of Sniffles is Time plus a good supply of handkerchiefs.

In all emergencies, write to Mr. Hope for advice. He will take up your questions in Morrow's Almanack *for 1931*

Concerning *Sweets.*

Our common Father has divided his Benefits among his Children, with more Equality than is generally apprehended. To the inhabitants of the West Indies he has given the Sugar Cane, from which by the forced Labour of Slaves, Sugar and Molasses are extracted, for their Masters Profit. This is denied us of the Northern Colonies: But then we have an Infinity of Flowers, from which, by the voluntary Labour of Bees, Honey is extracted for our advantage. Not long since 40 Gallons of Honey

were produced on one Plantation in this Province, in one Year. Were this general, how little Need should we have of the coarse Sugars and Molasses of the West Indies for our common Use. Metheglin, made from Honey, is a Kind of Wine. Mead, a weak Metheglin, is the best of small Beer. Bread and Honey is pleasant and wholesome Eating: 'Tis a Sweet that does no hurt to the Teeth.—How many fine Sets might be saved; and what an infinite Quantity of Tooth-Ach avoided.

Could the People of the Northern Colonies see and know the extreme Slovenliness of the West India Slaves in making Molasses, and the Filth and Nastiness suffered to enter it, their Stomachs would turn at the Thoughts of taking it in, either with their Food or Drink.—*N. Y. Almanack, 1775.*

And to conclude this merry month of January nothing could be more utile (or is it dulcé) than the first of Miss Taylor's series of recipes, one of which you will always find in the close vicinity of Mr. Hope's helpful little monthly essays.

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

Whose epigrams graced the Smart Set *in its most distinguished days, who practises the fine arts of living and loving in a pink villa in Cagnes, and whose words of wit and wisdom appear often anonymously in this volume.*

HOW TO MAKE A SPEAKEASY

Take two or three good sized butter-and-egg men. Mix with one or two hard boiled virgins, several over-ripe sales-girls, add six quarts of bootleg liquor. When well stewed, spread over several tables and serve.

FEBRUARY BEGINS *on* SATURDAY—*hath* 28 *days*

For she was all froze in with frost,
Eight days and nights, poor soul!
But when they gave her up for lost,
They found her down the hole.
Ah, well-a-day!

♓ The Sign of Pisces —MS. BALLAD.

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, &c.
1	Sa	PRIDE is only necessary *after* a fall.
2	Su	Candlemas Day. *Has any one ever seen a ground hog?* [8 mos.
3	Mo	Salem begins to *Watch* & *Ward* Witches, 1692. 20 executed in
4	Tu	Annual Convention of Society for the Abolition of Pekinese Dogs.
5	We	Lindbergh 28 yrs. today.
6	Th	Chas. II died (& "Poor Nelly" *didn't* starve). [F ☽ Q]
7	Fr	Sinclair Lewis 45 years old. Charles Dickens' birthday, *too.*
8	Sa	Grand Duchess Anastasia arrived N.Y., 1928. *Or did she?*
9	Su	A cold day. Go south if you can. [following directors' meeting.
10	Mo	N.Y. readers look for C. COOLIDGE in 42nd St. Automat
11	Tu	Buy oil stocks *today* if you see a GREEN-EYED GIRL before
12	We	Abraham Lincoln—*His day since 1809.* [10 A.M.
13	Th	The 13th *too close* to Friday this week to be healthy. [F ♍ M]
14	Fr	Valentine's Day. [candle.
15	Sa	The beauty of Catholic worship is that the Dame is worth the
16	Su	Churches liable to be overheated. Better stay home.
17	Mo	Book-of-the-Month is chosen for September.
18	Tu	Pity the poor book sellers! They neither buy nor sell.
19	We	You *can* be hanged in Kansas, but it's *illegal.*
20	Th	*Nothing like being on the right side of the law.* [L ☾ Q]
21	Fr	Tomorrow we will celebrate G. W.'s birthday.
22	Sa	J. Holloway executed Old Bailey, 1807, for murder. Thirty
23	Su	Churches probably too cold today. [spectators killed. Curiosity
24	Mo	In these days it's a wise child. killed the crowd.
25	Tu	who knows *all* its fathers.
26	We	Evolution can't yet explain how a bird's wing came
27	Th	to be or how so many fools survive.
28	Fr	Montaigne born, 1533. *An unpleasant social scandal.* [N ● M]

When snow is deep the Princess leaves her Rolls in the garage and orders out the ancestral sleigh in order to drive to the Hecksher Building and get from Mr. Knopf the latest Borzoi book. (Horses' jewelry by Cartier.)

FEBRUARY

THE NATURAL RESISTANCE TO EDUCATION

by BURTON RASCOE

I AM an omniverous, or at least semi-omniverous, reader in anthropology, ethnology, psychology, and sociology. I find books on these subjects the most fas-

cinating sort of reading imaginable. All the processes that go to make up the body of beliefs I have, the reactions natural to me, the motives at the base of my simplest displays of emotion, are explained to me by these books in a very thoroughgoing fashion, clearly and emphatically.

Alas, these books, while they entertain me, do not help me in the slightest particular. It does not help me to be told that jealousy is merely an expression of the possessive instinct, surviving since the time that women were chattels; for when I am jealous, I am jealous, and I could read in a dozen ponderous books that jealousy is a selfish survival of a barbarous notion of property rights and I would still, if I were jealous, be jealous. I have been jealous of women, jealous of friends, jealous of children, jealous of animals. I am so jealous of my typewriter that I won't let any one else use it if I can help it. Of any one I love I am capable of extreme and anguished forms of jealousy. And at no time would I be able to shake off that jealousy by going into the library and reading a book on the Origin of Jealousy and a History of Its Manifestations.

We are, I think, inclined to set, theoretically, too much store by research into the whys and wherefores of human conduct and to accept conclusions about emotions (while we are not experiencing those emotions) which are simply nonsense. Anthropology is a diverting study to certain minds, just as the study of the enclitics in Homer is to certain minds. But I am quite

unconvinced that it helps us to solve our private problems to learn that the Eskimos, because of the scarcity of women, are polyandrous, that certain tribes in Madagascar, because of the scarcity of men, are polygamous; that incest is as natural to some aborigines as infanticide and immolation are to others; and that private property is unknown among some primitive peoples. As it happens, I am not a member of a Polynesian savage tribe but a resident taxpayer in Westchester County, New York, U. S. A. Although the Bible enjoins us to consider the industry of the ant, I can gather no practical help for my case in watching these insects; nor do I learn anything to my private advantage by reading in Fabre that the female mantis is murderous and cannibalistic, centering her caprices in these functions upon her husband. I am sure that to a pious Christian a cross would still be the Cross, no matter how many times it is pointed out to him that the cross was originally a phallic symbol and that certain religious rites he is in the habit of observing were originally orgiastic rites of a nature we would now find revolting.

Often I hear it said that we are reasonable human beings and that in the direction of our affairs it is requisite that we use reason. But in no important crisis involving our emotions is it possible to discover what is the reasonable thing to do, because if we imagine we have discovered it, we find that it is the thing suggested by the emotion itself and hence is not reasonable.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR FEBRUARY

JOHN MACY

February 2. IN THE MIDST OF LIFE and CAN SUCH THINGS BE? By Ambrose Bierce.

Short stories, some of them excellent, by "Bitter Bierce," as a recent biographer has called him. He kept aloof from the popular literary movements of his times and so his times did not appreciate him. There is now a renewed interest in him.

February 9. LINCOLN. By Albert J. Beveridge.

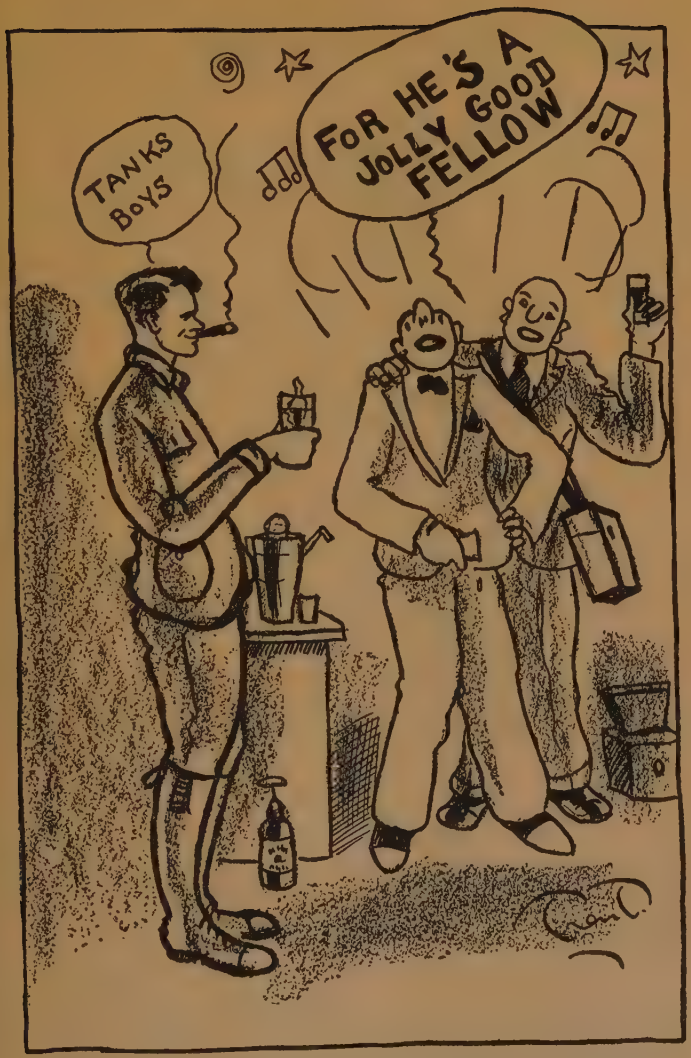
A sound historical study and a corrective of the sentimental "Martyr-and-Great-Emancipator" view of Lincoln. It is a pity that Beveridge did not live to finish it.

February 16. DUBLINERS and A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. By James Joyce.

I like these earlier books of Joyce even better than Ulysses; certainly they are more simple, clear and readable for the ordinary reader.

February 23. THE VIRGINIANS. By Thackeray.

This is the only fiction of good quality in which Washington appears. He also figures in Cooper's Spy, but very stiffly. American writers, even some of the historians and biographers, seem to have been abashed and overawed by that somewhat austere but very human man. Owen Wister, W. E. Woodward, and Rupert Hughes have portrayed the General as a living person.



February 5th is Col. Lindbergh's birthday. It is possible that he may invite a few press photographers into his den for a little snifter.

MURDERERS' CALENDAR FOR 1930

by EDMUND PEARSON

An eminent authority on most things including the fine art of murder (The Murder at Smutty Nose *and* Studies in Murder). *Years of experience on the* Outlook *should enable a thoughtful man to see into the future. Mr. Pearson is a thoughtful man.*

January 1.

Mrs. Elma Flitch of Ohio caves in her husband's head with a hammer. Says she was tired of life in small town. Discusses "Main Street" with reporters, who conclude that guilty party is really Sinclair Lewis. Mrs. Flitch gets five years in prison, but expects to be out in three. Says she looks forward to life in open air; loves life and longs to live it. "That is the way of youth, I guess," says Mrs. Flitch. A few crabbed old reactionaries suggest that perhaps Mr. Flitch also loved life. They are denounced as sadists.

January 4.

Four convicts in Illinois murder the warden and escape. Three of them are caught and sentenced to death. Supreme Court grants them a stay, and while they are waiting, they murder two more jailers and escape again.

January 9.

Italian named Visealli is murdered in Virginia. After his murderer is convicted it comes out that he was indicted for murdering a man named Wilson—the name by which Visealli has always been known in America. New trial granted, and when it comes on, chief witness is dead. Murderer goes free.

January 21.

Murderer in Maine acquitted because he wept in court.

Murderer in Florida acquitted because he was old.

Murderer in Missouri acquitted because he was young.

Murderer in Massachusetts acquitted because she was a woman.

Murderer in New York acquitted because his attorney called him "this poor boy." (He was thirty-five.)

February 5.

Woman in North Carolina murders her father and buries him under the floor. Afterwards, she becomes religious and tells a preacher, who causes her arrest. Jury acquits her, not because they think her innocent, but as a rebuke to the preacher, for not being a gentleman.

March 2.

Horace Pooker, the noted literary critic, denounces the sentimentalism of the American drama and the American novel. Calls for the fearless realism, the stark truth-telling of the great Russian, Solugubrious.

March 15.

Rev. Dr. Brown, missionary among the African savages for fifty years, returns to his home in Chicago, at the age of eighty. Three days later found in his home, having been wounded, tied hand and foot and left to die, by three burglars.

March 17.

Dr. Jan Skrub, famous psychiatrist, testifies for wealthy defendant in murder trial. Says prisoner suffers from phantasies, and is totally irresponsible. Prisoner acquitted.

April 12.

Physician in Colorado is captured by bank-robbers, who are escaping from sheriff's posse. Made to dress wounds of one robber, and then carried away in their automobile, tied on the rear as a shield against bullets. Is finally shot by them, and thrown into gutter.

April 28.

Warden Hawes of State Prison publishes book to describe gentle conduct of all the prisoners under his care.

May 2.

Kid Kenyon, the famous bandit, is hanged in Connecticut State Prison. The Kid has murdered four men, and crippled one woman for life; organized two gangs of highway robbers; and pulled off robberies amounting to four hundred thousand dollars.

May 3.

Horace Pooker, the noted literary critic, writes a column about Kid Kenyon, whose death he likens to the deaths of Socrates and Christ. Says the Governor of Connecticut is a murderer.

July 1.

Dr. Jan Skrub, famous psychiatrist, takes steps to secure the amount of his bill ($5,000) from wealthy defendant for whom he testified. Wealthy defendant's lawyer argues that his client still suffers from phantasies, which cause him to default payments. Dr. Skrub enters suit.

August 10.

Two gay youths in university amuse themselves by holding up shop-keepers. One of the youths suggests that an additional thrill would follow a murder or two. The other objects, but his friend points out that Loeb and Leopold "got away with it." The objection is overcome, and a successful evening of murder follows. (The families of the dead clerk and the dead taxi-cab driver fail to enter into the spirit of the diversion.)

September 3.

Mrs. Babbas of Arkansas found to have insured six members of her family, and poisoned five of them. (The arsenic ran out.) Her attorney made an eloquent speech in which he asked if the jury wished to hang "an American mother." He also referred to the poppy fields of Belgium and the Star of Bethlehem. Mrs. Babbas is acquitted, with cheers.

November 8.

Hiram Sukey of New Hampshire decides to murder his brother, Isaac. He is perplexed and annoyed, however, because his native state sticks to the death-penalty for murderers. He has a happy thought—and prevails upon Brother Isaac to accompany him over the line into Maine, where capital punishment is abolished. So, presently, is Isaac.

December 10.

Disturbing incident at meeting of Society for Abolition of Capital Punishment. After Karl Blitz, Ph.D., closes his address, proving that crime is caused by over-development of the glands in the human body, an impertinent heckler rises to ask why there is comparatively so little crime in Canada and England. Have the Canadians and English no glands? Heckler thrown out.

December 31.

Year closes, with the record of 11,000 murders in the United States during the twelve months. The old saying holds: "The only form of taking of human life to which the American public objects, is by due process of law, after a fair trial and a conviction."

(NOTE: That these things will happen in 1930, is a safe prediction, for the reason that nearly all of them have already happened in America.)

WEATHER ADVICE

Walk fast in snow,
In frost walk slow.
And still as you go
Tread on your toe.

When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and span shoe leather.

A POEM

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

Who needs no introduction as poet, or as novelist, either, now that Death of a Hero *has appeared.*

good god he said but why
say good god when god is
neither good nor god well
why seek the absolute in love or
absolute love well you're more
likely to find the absolute but still
why want the absolute in
a woman's eyes or thighs than
in a buggy church steeple yes
but why confound religious and
sexual yearnings they're the same god's
the consoler of lost love thwarted
love the despoiled see how many
women go to church looking for
spiritual lollipops to console
console men are so inexpert so
gross why aren't there more
lesbians perhaps there are god's
lesbians on their knees double
mirrors send back infinite
refractions well but it's all
subjective a right angle's no
different geometrically though the
arms are infinite
but if I have my love

gold chrysanthemum who wants a
papal rose then absolute for
absolute which is best her kiss
your hocussed cup give me my love
and keep you paradise I'll risk
the thing to come she's more
god than god Blasphemy

(But here's the secret—promise not to tell—
We shan't meet Maritain or X— in hell.)

RULES *and* MAXIMS *for promoting* MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS, *addressed to all Widowers, Husbands and* BACHELERS.

As Man was appointed by God, to be Lord of the Creation, he should govern with a gentle Sway, and not act the Part of a Tyrant to his Wife, Children, or Servants; for he who resolves to be feared, cannot expect to be loved. As the Woman is deemed the weaker Vessel, the Man should give Grains of Allowance for her Frailties; and if she should appear to him from a mistaken Notion, to be too warm in a wrong Cause, add not Fuel to Fire, by a Spirit of Contradiction, but let her Passions subside, before you attempt to convince her of her Error, and then do it with Coldness and Deliberation. Let the Husband give his Company to his Wife at his Meals, and other Times as often as his Business will permit, and consult her upon all necessary Occasions, as his real Friend. Whether his Wife be in Sickness or in Health, remember it is his Duty to *love* and *cherish* her, even tho' she may not altogether answer his most sanguine Expectations; and this done, no Doubt will remain but that she will chearfully *obey* so endearing a Husband. In a Word, the likeliest Way for a Man to obtain a good Wife, or keep one so, is to be good himself.—*Hutchin's Almanack, 1776.*

JULIUS BABSON, PIONEER OF AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

by PARKE CUMMINGS

A philosopher of comedy, whose "shorts" have done so much to make the New Yorker, Life, Judge, *and the* Saturday Evening Post *what they are today.*

Illustrated by DOLORES CONILL

An artist who has just appeared on the publishing horizon and will very shortly find herself in the foreground, for she concerns herself with the art of bookmaking.

[*Note: The Almanack faced the task of getting an interview from Mr. Babson with considerable trepidation. Mr. Babson is an extremely busy man. Would he refuse to spare his time? He is an extremely important man. Would Mr. Cummings become rattled in his presence? Would Mr. Babson throw Mr. Cummings bodily out of his house? Would Mr. Cummings mislay his notes after the interview? And supposing it rained? Fortunately none of these untoward events occurred. Mr. Babson, on being approached on his birthday, July 4th, was delighted to grant the interview and was even so kind as to present Mr. Cummings a package of skyrockets upon his departure as a token of appreciation. The interview herewith proceeds:*]

I WAS, I confess, a trifle nervous when first I found myself in his presence. I had interviewed famous athletes, politicians, authors, explorers, artists, and literally hundreds of other celebrities, but a man of Julius Babson's calibre—never! For no one in his right senses could think of denying Babson's right to

be called the greatest man in America if not the entire world. He was the inventor of the greatest boon yet bestowed upon humanity, "the little silver band down the middle."

But the great man soon put me at ease. He offered me a chair and a fragrant Havana cigar and without further ado began his story. "I must have been about eighteen when I contracted a severe attack of the grippe. I was then, of course, only a poor ignorant lad in a little country town in Ohio. Well, the family doctor came, looked at my throat, and of course recommended the old familiar stand-by: a half teaspoonful of sulphur and molasses every two hours. After he had gone I lay in bed, brooding on his prescription: 'A half teaspoon—a half teaspoon.' And then, like a bolt from the blue, the thought which, if you will excuse this seeming boastfulness on my part, has so forcefully altered the destiny of Mankind, struck me. How was one to know a half teaspoon? How could one be sure of the exact amount? I thought of the countless millions of dead: Columbus, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra. Cleopatra! What else but an overdose caused her death? Why, she might have been living today! She might even be before me in this very room! The thought stirred me strangely. Had I ferreted out Death's secret? It must be so. And from then on my life was dedicated to one sole purpose. I determined to invent the half teaspoon and save humanity."

I wish space permitted me to give the rest of Mr.

Babson's fascinating story in his own words, how he saved enough money to go to the city, how he struggled along in poverty and obscurity, jeered at and ridiculed by all from whom he sought aid, and how at last he found a man like himself who possessed that greatest of all American attributes, Vision, and expressed

his willingness to finance Mr. Babson's scheme. But of course the story is known to all. Like all great inventions the half teaspoon met with many a failure before it became a reality. At first Mr. Babson made a teaspoon exactly half the size of an ordinary spoon. It was, of course, a tremendous disappointment to him when he realized that he had invented *not* a half teaspoon but a *whole* teaspoon, half size—an entirely different thing as the reader can readily see. There followed another long series of experiments, resulting always in failure. But one day Mr. Babson conceived

the idea of splitting a whole spoon in half. It seemed as though at last the fight was won, but, alas, all fluid ran out where the bowl of the spoon had been cut. Nor did severing the spoon halfway up the handle suffice, for it was discovered that the bowl still held as much as ever. And then, suddenly, Success came to the little band of pioneers.

"Finally I conceived the idea of dividing the bowl of the spoon in two compartments of equal size. 'The little silver band down the middle' has saved the world. One has but to fill one of these compartments and he gets exactly—no more, no less—a half teaspoonful. Moreover, if the prescription calls for half teaspoonsfull of two different medicines, both sides may be simultaneously filled and swallowed, thus killing two birds with one stone, or, if you prefer, two germs with one spoon."

There remained but a moment or so to hear Mr. Babson's opinions on current topics. "What do you think of American colleges?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, not so bad," came the reply, sharp as a rifle shot. It took my breath away.

"The modern woman?"

"Quite up-to-date." I had never thought of it in that light.

"Europe?"

"Too many foreigners." I was forced to agree.

"And the North Pole?"

"Cold."

That was enough. That last statement illustrated, to my mind, the calibre of the man I was interviewing better than the numerous volumes written about him. Babson is a man who faces the *facts,* whatever they may be. When I left him I found it easy to believe that Mr. Babson is going to fulfil his recent promise to humanity and invent an article, staggering to the ordinary mind, the half cup.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

President Hoover passes through S. F. on visit to his Palo Alto home. S. F. Police Band sticks staunchly to "The Sidewalks of New York."

Hearst morning newspaper renews campaign to abolish boxing as brutal and degrading to spectators. Opposition paper reprints, for the ninth time, story about prominent member of Hearst family attending Milk Fund bouts.

At an exhibitors' luncheon in the Palace Hotel, six speakers explain that the talkies are still in their infancy.

411 visitors tell waterfront reporters that S. F. Bay reminds them of Bay of Naples. 410 admit under questioning that they never saw Bay of Naples.

MAGAZINE LOVE

by DON MARQUIS

A very great columnist, perhaps the nearest to a successor that Mark Twain has ever had, the creator of the immortal "Old Soak" and other characters.

THEY stood looking at each other for a long moment. Edward did not know that she knew all that was passing through his mind, and Nancy was too proud to let him guess that she was subtly aware of his ignorance.

"I suppose . . ." He paused; he could not bear to mention Clendenning Barstow's name.

Nancy did not help him. Her eyes were fixed upon the speedometer of the car. Sixty—eighty—ninety—a hundred and fifty miles an hour. She glanced at him sidewise through her silken lashes . . . he did not know how fast he was driving. Should she tell him? Oh, what was the use? What was the use of anything? God! Must love always end this way?

Nonchalantly, she powdered her nose. As nonchalant as herself, he leaned against the mantel and flicked his cigaret-ash into the grate. How handsome, how sure of himself, how masterly he looked!

"Reno?" he murmured. He was trying to take it quietly. Edward would, she reflected. He twisted the controls, and the plane came out of its nose-dive, sidled daintily through an air-pocket, spun on its left wing,

and then straightened out towards Europe. The play of muscle under his bronze skin fascinated her. It always had.

"Or Paris?" she breathed, toying with her salad fork. How she hated salad! Never afterward would an avocado pear arouse in her any emotion but that of nausea . . . although she was not to know that yet. But she must not let him know what she felt! The lights from the cars and taxis made pools of red and golden splendor on the damp pavement . . . but it all seemed unreal to her. One hundred and fifty—two hundred—three hundred miles an hour—Central Park shot by them—Yonkers—the Adirondacks—but still she did not tell him. She did not dare.

He poured himself a stiff peg of brandy, and added a very little soda, avoiding her eyes. She wished she had not said "Paris." Barstow was in Paris . . . and now Ned was thinking . . . thinking . . . thinking things! Why had she said "Paris"? She patted the sand over her bare, brown, slender legs, and sat up, and stared out across the line of silver breakers at the restless sea. . . . Oh, to be a sea-gull! Free!

"There are the children," he said.

"But we've talked all that over so often!" she replied, with a trace of petulance.

He flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his dinner jacket with his riding crop, and pretended that he was interested in turning the leaves of a first edition. How she had loved his literary tastes! For a moment

there was silence, broken only by the sound of the propellers, as the steamer buffeted its way through the head-seas. Edward took another brandy—neat this time—and adjusted his tie. How she had always loved his sophisticated taste in white dress ties . . . the subtle difference with which he wore them! If he pleaded with her now—but no! That was weakness; she must have her career! She glanced from him to the Captain of the vessel—drunken under one of the smoking-room tables, rolling laxly with the ship's motion—and compared the two men—what a difference! What a man he was, her husband!

"Nan," said Edward—and his voice shook a little in spite of his iron control—"Nan, I'll give it up—I'll give it all up—I'll stay home—and look after the children—and you may *have* your career!"

"But, no, no, no!" she cried in agony. "That's just it—you should not be sacrificed for me, any more than I for you! Give it up? You couldn't, Ned, and be happy! It's in your blood! Your father was an Interior Decorator! Your mother was an Interior Decorator! You were born an Interior Decorator! You have a right to your own life, too! Just as I have! Oh, I would hate you, despise you, condemn you as a weakling, if you sacrificed the strong manly impulses of your artistic temperament for me—the elemental surge of your creative art! There is a savage passion to express yourself that rages through your being like the gigantic pulsations of a sand-storm in the Sahara,

and express yourself you must, or die! I would hate myself if I ruined this thing in you that is next to God Himself! No, you must keep on with your Interior Decoration—and I shall leave you, and be myself! Freedom, for us both!"

He dashed the spurs into his horse, scarcely aware that he did so. Three hundred—four hundred—six hundred miles an hour. Her mare could scarcely keep the pace. But she was game. Game as her gallant rider. Nancy glanced over the desert. Was there, after all, a God? Even here?

"Ronnie," she whispered, "has *your* chin, Ned!"

He looked down at the flushed face and curly head in the cradle. For an instant he softened. Then he bit his lip and drank a great gulp of vodka from the canteen that Ivan had handed him, and hardened again. He would *not* permit her to shame his masculinity by spurning the sacrifice he was determined to make . . . These modern women! They must always lead! No! He would stay here in the home, and she *should* have her career—and he his wife—until death did them part! There was a good deal of the old-fashioned conservative in Ned, after all!

The child stirred in his sleep. "Mama! Uncle Barstow!" he murmured, drowsily.

Nancy avoided her husband's eyes. Then she determined to tell everything.

"Ned," she said, bravely, "do you remember the time you were gone for three years, doing that house for the Oklahoma millionaire?"

"Yes," he said, drumming on the table with his finger tips.

"I was very lonely," she said, "for the first year or so. And then, after little Ronnie was born—"

(To Be Continued)

NOTES ON THE TSARINA OF GEORGIA

by RICHARDSON WRIGHT

The discriminating, wise, and urbane editor of House and Garden *whose particular sphere of knowledge includes the past and the present, the animate and the inanimate, the physical and the metaphysical. One of the civilized Americans.*

IT is fashionable to be sorry for Tsarinas—the way Professor Saintsbury is sorry for gin. They are usually burdened with bad names by having to associate with Tsars. They have to take their fun morganatically. Many of them live frustrated lives and come to dismal ends at the hands of patriotic potshotters. A negligible few manage to die like ordinary people, between the sheets, with expectant relatives hovering in the distance. Only then do they warrant attention. It is almost axiomatic that a good Tsarina is a dead one.

Since Mary Musgrove is dead—long since dead—

we may say nice things about her. It was nearly two hundred years ago.

General Oglethorpe always had hard luck with his parsons. The Wesley boys—John and Charlie—both left Savannah under a cloud of whisperings from women's tongues. Their pious predecessor—the Rev. Henry Herbert Hamuel Quincy—made no dent on the colony, and departed. The same year that saw the Wesleys arrive saw also the landing of a regiment of Highlanders decorously shepherded by their chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Bosomworth. This was in 1736. For thirteen years Thomas managed to balance himself on the straight and narrow path—then he went native.

The allure that stripped him of his clericals was one Mary Musgrove, a Creek Indian woman, twice widowed of white husbands, and living for some time on Oglethorpe's generous salary of £500 a year as interpreter and fixer. This was her dot. Thomas brought to the marriage a tract of crown land and a flock of debts. He also sold his wife the idea of asserting claim to some of the coastal islands and then to set herself up as hereditary Tsarina of the Creek territory.

Under his magnificent persuasion Mary declared herself Empress of the Creeks, sent a demand to Oglethorpe for her land and ordered the war drums beaten furiously up and down the Creek encampments. She did have the courtesy to notify Oglethorpe the day and hour she would call at Savannah with her swarm of armed warriors. As there were only a couple of hun-

dred men in town, Oglethorpe did the best he could to strengthen the fortifications and then sent out a mounted troop to meet the Empress. The welcoming party managed to disarm the visitors and, with Belasco canniness, stop as ridiculous a show as history records. A salute was fired. Flags were flung to the languorous breeze. The militia stiffened in orderly ranks. Between them, into the town, marched the Tsarina and her husband—he wearing his full panoply of ecclesiastical garniture—followed by the Creek chieftains according to rank. Then the authorities and the Creek chiefs went into conference, leaving friend husband in his cassock and surplice outside with the rest of the boys and Tsarina Mary fretting in her finery on the front porch.

But Bosomworth had too long been chaplain to a regiment not to take advantage of military carelessness. While the big folks were holding powwow indoors, he ordered the Creek warriors to sneak off one by one and recover their arms. In a few minutes, Savannah realized that it was captured. But as the Bosomworths were there, the authorities simply snatched them as hostages. Then began a pretty play of tricks and for several days the savages threatened to attack. The menfolks of Savannah were worn out with guard duty and all the women in hysterics because the Indians kept shouting war whoop up and down the streets. At times it looked as though Savannah would be sacked. The authorities couldn't control the Indians and they couldn't make Bosomworth and his wife listen

to reason. Finally they hit on the canny scheme of separating the two. Mary was taken off to one part of the town and Thomas brought before the council. The Rev. Bosomworth was not to be persuaded with any petty diplomatic words and when the council hinted that he staged this foray merely so that he could pay his debts, he anwered them in a most unclerical manner and had to be locked up in the jail. With him safely disposed behind bars, the Empress was told that her husband had changed his mind, and in a huff she left with her warriors.

After a course on bread and water Bosomworth realized that there was nothing in the Tsar business, and was liberated. History does not record what the Tsarina said to him when he got back home.

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—FEBRUARY

by EDWARD HOPE

February has its troubles, both real and imaginary, for the child. Fresh attacks of Sniffles are more than likely, and at least one intimate of every child in the world develops whooping cough. Whooping cough scares provide excellent opportunities to revise a child's list of companions: a telephone call to the mother of each undesirable may be depended upon to remove him from the neighborhood for many weeks.

Toward the middle of February in the child of school age, the antipathy toward elementary education reaches its

peak for the year. Look for headaches, cramps (belly-aches), and other indispositions difficult of diagnosis by an outsider. Malingering to avoid school is best treated with kindness and understanding, though a good crack on the ear is nearly as efficacious, and much more popular with most parents. If the child's father shows a desire to go talk things over with the teacher, be careful: he has heard that she is pretty.

Just before, and on, Washington's Birthday, the child is in danger of developing the Cherry Tree Complex, an inordinate passion for truth, which might, if not taken in hand, be a hindrance in all of his after life. Hatchets should be kept out of reach, too, to prevent accidents. Another psychic upset may be occasioned by St. Valentine's Day in older children, although the likelihood, due to the weather, is not great.

February is also the month during which some parents wonder whether it is worth while to care for their children and continue the responsibility. This is a question that must be settled by each parent for himself.

The Hope Herb Remedy, discovered by an Indian sweetie of Mr. Hope's great-grandfather, cures colic, alcoholism, and anthrax in children

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A LOVE NEST

Place a love bird and a homing pigeon together in a chafing-dish. Add two hearts of lettuce, a drop of honey, and a dash of pepper. Pluck pigeon well and allow first to simmer, next to boil over, and finally leave to stew in own fat. Serve on a nest of shoe-string potatoes.

MARCH BEGINS *on* SATURDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

March, month of "many weathers," wildly comes
In hail, and snow, and rain, and threatening hums,
And floods;—while often at his cottage-door
The shepherd stands, to hear the distant roar.

♈ The Sign of Aries —CLARE's *Shepherd's Calendar*

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, &c.
1	Sa	*If you're Welsh*, put a leek in your cap today.
2	Su	Six day bicycle race at Madison Sq. Garden.
3	Mo	Wind! wind! A Book Club for the BLIND will be announced.
4	Tu	First Congress met in N. Y., March 4, 1789.
5	We	Ash Wednesday. Now is the chance to avoid something dis-
6	Th	agreeable for 40 days. Mine is Brussels Sprouts.
7	Fr	"Cradle of the Deep" published year ago. [F ☽ Q]
8	Sa	O, DRUNKENNESS! EXTORTION!
9	Su	Lasciviousness! Jealousy!
10	Mo	Things are usually happiest where they belong.
11	Tu	*And people.*
12	We	St. Gregory's Day. [was born, 1872.
13	Th	An important day for the NATION, for Oswald Garrison Villard
14	Fr	Purim. Income tax due tomorrow [F ♍ M]
15	Sa	Ides of March. (*Change I-d-e-s to D-i-e-s for Cæsar*)
16	Su	Look for robins any time now.
17	Mo	St. Patrick's Day. *Peas* planted now will yield on Decoration
18	Tu	All garden plans should be well forward. [Day.
19	We	Tobias Smollett born, 1721, and this is St. Joseph's Day.
20	Th	Spring is coming tomorrow at 3:30 A.M.
21	Fr	Tom Wise, Shepherd of The Lambs, died, 1928. [L ☾ Q]
22	Sa	Indian RACKATEERS take 347 Virginia colonists for a ride,
23	Su	*Late season for alligator pears.* [1622.
24	Mo	"Coxey's Army" started for Washington, 1894.
25	Tu	Lady's Day inst., 1232. *Once a yr.* was enough for any lady 700
26	We	yrs. ago. Now there isn't a gent's day left.
27	Th	*Friendship* is like flame that runs along the sand
28	Fr	and burns *without consuming*.
29	Sa	Alaska cost us only about $7,000,000 63 years ago,
30	Su	but compound that & see what you get. [N ● M]
31	Mo	Myron Herrick died, year ago.

Your peacock should see to it that his hen lays eggs this month.

MARCH

SOME SIGHTS WORTH SEEING IN NEW YORK

by BURTON RASCOE

COMMUTERS, about to miss their trains, racing through the crowds at the Grand Central station, slipping on the marble floor, skating down the ramps, banging into people and swearing at their luck when the implacable guards close the doors to the departing trains.

Young men and women at the deaf and dumb school

on Sixteenth Street flirting and making love in sign language during recess.

A father trying to explain exhibits to an inquisitive young son on a visit to the Museum of Natural History.

A fat woman trying to squeeze through the narrow aisles of the Fifth Avenue buses.

A dowager summoning a tardy clerk in Saks by tapping angrily on a glass case with the handle of an umbrella.

A man vainly dragging out of his pockets old letters, bills, theater stubs, cigar coupons, pieces of string, driver's license, insurance receipts, samples of cloth cut by his wife, and other miscellanea, in a vain effort to identify himself to cash a check in a bank where he has no account.

Charlie at the Grand Central oyster bar preparing four oyster stews at a time.

Robert C. Benchley's microscopic mustache.

Konrad Bercovici's macroscopic mustaschios.

Morris Gest's nineteen-year-old fuzzy fedora.

J. P. McEvoy's cyclonic hair.

The fat knees in the "bread line" in the long corridor of the Astor.

The assortment of top hats at a Tammany funeral.

The funny shapes of the souses sobering up in Fleischmann's Turkish baths after midnight on Saturdays.

People trying to get their pennies back from the subway gum vending machines.

The looks the other fellows give the man who takes his hat off when a woman enters a crowded elevator.

And Some Things Worth Hearing in New York

The red-haired waitress in Childs at Columbus Circle saying, "Stakkawheat!" and "Annattabeeyallsir?"

The pneumatic riveters in concert on a new building.

The shirts worn by Al H. Woods.

The mechanical piano with insides full of tin cans which plays all day long at the music shop in the west corridor of the Grand Central corridor.

The loud and futile arguments of a fellow in evening dress with a swell girl on his hands trying to convince the adamant look-out of a high-toned speak-easy that he is "all right" and has been there before.

Some of the simpler airs from "Tannhauser" as they are played by Herr Silberfuss, cornetist and *konzertmeister* of a four-piece Deutscher band in the neighborhood of Maennerchor hall.

March 2, 1928.

It will be remembered that just two years ago Senator J. Thomas Heflin sent to a chemical laboratory, at Washington, a violin he received a few days before, fearing that it might contain deadly germs. At the same time the violin arrived several Senators received letters, purporting to be from Mr. Heflin, asking them to be present at "my first public recital" on the night of St. Patrick's Day, when he would play a violin from the top of the Washington Monument. Mr. Heflin denounced the letters as forgeries.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR MARCH

JOHN MACY

March 2. HUMPHREY CLINKER. By Smollett.
Smollett discovered the humor of seamen. In this book he is equally amusing on land; the rough rich fun of the characters is alive today.

March 9. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. By Jane Austen.
The quiet humor of gentle Jane is in pretty contrast to the masculine laughter of Smollett. An astonishing and admirable thing about the English novel is its infinite variety.

March 16. MEN, WOMEN, AND BOATS. By Stephen Crane.
Crane, Frank Norris, and Dreiser, in SISTER CARRIE made a new era in American realism. Take a look at Thomas Beer's fine study of Crane.

March 23. MEDEA. By Euripides.
In Gilbert Murray's fine translation. And any or all of the other plays. Even in the flood of modern books there is time for the classics.

March 30. A BOOKMAN'S DAYBOOK. By Burton Rascoe.
I put this as near as possible to April 1. And I mention it only because Burton edited the first two of these here ALMANACKS. Nevertheless it is a good lively book.

An obstinate Man does not hold Opinions, but they hold him. They are like Plants that grow upon Rocks, that stick fast though they have no Rooting.

This is a girl student who was putting herself through college by selling magazine subscriptions. She called at Mr. A. B. See's residence on a windy March day, which was believed to be Mr. See's birthday.

The latest development for the movies—A READING PICTURE—(Just read it aloud).

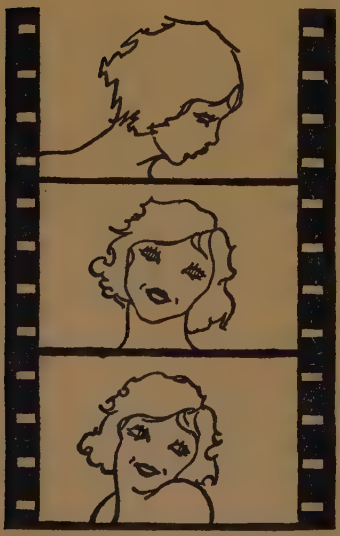
THE BROADWAY FLOP

Scenario by WALTER WINCHELL

Who knows his world as a postman knows his route, whose spicy originality relieves most of the monotony in life, who takes Broadway apart and makes them like it, who should be, and probably is, one of the highest paid columnists alive or dead.

Photography by CARROLL C. SNELL

Born of an old American family, he rose from a career as an architect, and entered into the fullness of life as a painter.



She was the sort of Ziegfeld lass who took her Broadway standing seriously, even if she wore two dozen orchids on her shoulder and resembled a well-kept grave. The collitch boys who begged for a date "were too young and high-waisted" to hear her argue it and she could only get hot and bothered over the "live" ones, the Men About Town.

So when he told her that he knew all the worth-whiles and could give her a swell time in the Broadway sector, she got That Way about him.

But the velvet cord never dropped at his approach at the Lido.

But Theodore never took his order at the Ritz.

But he couldn't get a membership in the Mayfair Club.

But none of the chorus in the front line ever gave him a tumble.

But he failed to get seats for a Ziegfeld or Dillingham première.

But no ad lib comedian ever mentioned his name from the stage.

But Texas Guinan wouldn't even hit him on the conk with a clacker.

But Reuben's delicatessen wouldn't name a sandwich after him.

But George at the Algonquin would always motion him away from the main dining room and suggest the Chinese room.

But no columnist ever jested with him in print.

But he couldn't get front pews at the Palace opening matinée.

But no one ever gave him the lowdown or "inside stuff" about People Who Amounted to Anything.

But he couldn't get a ringside table on the Ziegfeld Roof.

But no manager ever accepted a girl he sent with a letter of introduction.

But ticker brokers never had aisle seats for him.

But the critics and other first nighters never nodded to him.

But he never knew what husbands were running around with whose wives.

But Peter Arno never used his cartoon suggestions.

But no café ever removed his couvert charge.

But he could never crash or buy ducats for the midnight movie openings.

But he never knew what places to go to in Harlem.

But the tabloid gossip columns never mentioned his Garbo-Gilberting activities.

And—he kissed with his eyes open!

So—having flopped on every test of Broadway popularity and good standing in the night life of New York, she gave him air, informing him that he was a cluck, a chump, a simp, an accomplished schlamiel—and, that he was buried alive in the feverish midst of Gotham without even knowing it.

He now reads the very odd McIntyre for consolation.

THE FUTURE OF CHICAGO
or
BILL THE BUILDER

by JACK WOODFORD

Author—of 700 odd stories, published and re-published —of articles presented to the public by the Forum, Mercury, *etc.—of* The Evangelical Cockroach. *A paradox of 34 years, merciless and impertinent in his writing, quiet and shy in his behavior.*

THE future of Chicago is assured. No city in the world has more assurance. Idiotically enough the rest of the country points with scorn at Chicago's crime conditions. Nonsense. No city in the United States has better crime conditions. Crime is handled economically and efficiently there. The city and county officials bleed all of the criminals poor and by 1930 all the criminals who haven't shot each other will be too poor to hire criminal lawyers; and without criminal lawyers, any reasoning person will agree, crime could not pay.

Fifteen years ago, Chicago was just an ordinary city like New York, Peoria and London. Today Chicago is an extraordinary city; even the oldest inhabitants do not recognize it, or it them. What happened to Chicago was Mayor William Hale Thompson, affectionately known by his cohorts as Big Bill the Builder.

And if you don't believe Big Bill has Built you're a (whatever it was he called King George). Once Chicago had a messy litter of coarse streets bunched around the river: South Water Street, etc. Believe it or not, Big Bill tore up all of these little streets and threw them into the Chicago River so that those who lost their lives in the *Eastland* disaster would not have died in vain. Now where the lousy little streets once cluttered up the city there is a broad boulevard called Wacker Drive. "Wacker," perhaps, because the tax appropriations that predicted it were just about the biggest whack ever taken at—but why bring that up.

There is also a huge Boulevard Link Bridge linking the north and south sides in a "common bond of brotherhood" (according to the opening speeches).

Big Bill is not through whacking and building yet though. The west side is an eyesore and an earsore and a sore in any other way you care to think about it. For years it was the natural habitat of prostitutes, pimps and evangelists; most of the city's politicians were born there. Also the south side contains some unpleasant features such as the stockyards and the "Black and Tan" restaurants where the society girls from the North Shore go to ruin nice little colored boys.

All this, however, will be changed if present plans come to a head. The west side is to be moved over into South Omaha, the south side is to be declared null and void, and a new state is to be formed, the state of "Chicago," in which will be just one city, the City

of Chicago. By 1933, you will probably be addressing Chicago as you do New York: "New York, N. Y.," "Chicago, Chi."

The idea for forming a new state to be called "Chicago" within the state of Illinois but not of it, came from the gravid brains of Chicago's more gifted politicians who are tired of "whacking up booty with the gang down state."

In 1933 Chicago is to have another World's Fair—unless jealous New York manages somehow to steal it, which is unlikely, since New Yorkers are amateurs at that sort of thing. The World's Fair buildings, which will cover umpty, umpty, ump acres will all be erected on "built in" land. That is, land which has actually been built out into Lake Michigan. Big Bill hopes eventually, by building more and more land out into Lake Michigan to push the lake over Niagara Falls and flood the whole state of New York.

There are those who condemn and laugh at Mayor William Hale Thompson; and there are those who say he is the biggest—but why, fellow Rotarians, repeat a thing like that. Whatever Mayor Thompson is (and personally I fear the worst) he has done the most stupendous job of city renovation and remodeling ever attempted. Chicago, twenty years ago a hideous, cramped, helter-skelter town is today a city of broad thoroughfares, wide spaces, and wholly different aspect. By 1933 it will be the most beautiful (but dumb) city in the world.

THE RAILROAD

by ACHMED ABDULLAH

An author who can thrill you, or charm you, or soothe you at will, but about whose keenness of eyesight the Philomenus is sceptical, having been once mistaken for a bell boy by Captain Abdullah and handed a bag to carry.

[In the year 1880—the year of the disastrous defeat of a British brigade at Maiwand by the Afghan troops under Ayoob Khan, a defeat later on retrieved by Lord Roberts' historic march from Kabul to Kandahar—the Indian government, for military reasons, finished the railway between Calcutta and the Afghan frontier, a three days' journey, by connecting Peshawar with Fort Attock. The sight of the first engine created quite a sensation amongst the Afghan border tribes, and caused a local bard, Mahmud Jan, a member of the Populzye clan (a subdivision of the Zeeruq branch of the royal Durani tribe) to burst into verse, writing in his native Pukhtu, though mixed with Persian and Urdu. Mahmud Jan, incidentally, was the author of a good many ballads, some extremely scurrilous, and was, during his lifetime, the local Tin-Pan Alley King of Peshawar, Kabul, and Kandahar. His morals were notoriously wretched. He was, indeed, a typical Afghan, a race which, according to Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone, has "the worst morals and the finest physique in the world." It is a moot point if Mahmud Jan was serious and, by the same token, naïf when he penned "The Railroad," or if it was his bazaar idea of a jest. The Afghans take it either way—according to their class; just as, in the United States, some people, at the beginning of the war, laughed over "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," while others wept.]

Here—by the teeth of Allah!—a new miracle has come
to us.
It is an iron beast.
It runs on the ground.
It has neither feet nor hands, and runs backwards as
easily
As forwards.

Here—by the teeth of Allah!—is an invention of the
English.
It is, assuredly, sign and proof of the Day of Judgment.
Many are this animal's screws and bolts.
But its real strength is the fire which flames in its belly.
Yet the creature is safe.
Safely you can travel on it.
It runs twice a day—in the morning and in the evening.
It has neither feet nor hands, and runs backwards as
easily
As forwards.

Listen to me, O child!
There are three sorts of carriages.
In the first and second class travel the great lords of
the land.
In the third travel the unimportant ones, the wearers
of
Lousy turbans.
When this beast jerks into motion, it brays like a
donkey.
When it decides to go, it does not stop before it reaches
Attock Fort.
In an hour it covers the distance, in an hour returns.
If you wish to travel on it, have ready your rupees.
Do not cheat.
For the sahebs have sharp eyes.

It has neither feet nor hands, and runs backwards as easily
As forwards.

Here—by the teeth of Allah!—is an amazing miracle.
It is made entirely of iron.
On its head,
As on the head of an elephant,
Rides an Englishman and, by his side, several black Hindus.
When you come to Attock Fort,
Look west, child.
For there the English built a new bridge for their railroad.
They spent many, many rupees.
About this I have composed a ballad, and now everybody sings it,
In Peshawar as well as in Kabul.
It has neither feet nor hands, and runs backwards as easily
As forwards.

I, Mahmud Jan, have spoken true words with my tongue.
All the Mullahs know this.
Everybody travels on this iron beast,
Some by paying,
And some by hiding themselves when the English are not looking.
The iron beast flies far and fast.
Some fine day, today or tomorrow, it will go as far as
The Khyber, and will enter Afghanistan.
It has neither feet nor hands, and runs backwards as easily
As forwards.

DESIRE UNDER THE DYNAMOS

A more or less Eugenic play

by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Has triumphed as a novelist and a poet, and here throws her bonnet into the draymatic ring.

Illustrated by WALTER T. MURCH

One of these clever foreigners, being Canadian. He got tired of designing stained-glass saints and so quietly stepped to fame illustrating Stuart Chase's Men and Machines. *He has a fondness for working stripped to the waist, and for picking fights in the gashouse district.*

This work may be given as a one-act play, or the first act of a nine-act play, or one instalment of a Triology.

The scene is laid in the kitchen, dining room and bedroom of the Grapps' little home in the suburbs, which has a front lawn between the house and footlights. The front walls are removed, or you couldn't see the actors, which would be a misfortune. The actors are not listed in order of their appearance, as they are all there, all the time. But the audience can easily distinguish them by their clothes—in fact, this is about the only way they can *distinguish them.*

THOMAS GRAPP, *a successful, vulgar contractor. He wears a waistcoat, but no coat, and stockings, but no shoes. He is obviously an agnostic.*

HENRIETTA GRAPP, *his wife. She is feeble-minded and it doesn't matter what she wears.*

THOMAS HENRY GRAPP, *their son. He wears overalls and is a Christian Scientist.*

SUE GRAPP, *their adopted daughter and general servant. She wears a red chiffon dress and a sun-tan make-up with no stockings. She used to believe in Jack Barrymore, but has been converted recently to Ronald Colman, and is all the better for it.*

GRANDPA GRAPP, *their grandpa. He wears a grandpa costume and has long ceased to believe in anything.*

MRS. MEDLAR, *A Social Worker. She is fully dressed and is clearly an Episcopalian.*

A TYPEWRITER
A SEWING MACHINE
A LAWN MOWER

As the curtain rises, MRS. GRAPP *is discovered in the basement kitchen, gazing fixedly out of what would be a window, if it was there, at her father-in-law, who is resting on a soap box with one arm around the handle of the Lawn Mower.*

MR. GRAPP *is chewing tobacco in a rocking chair in the dining room on the second floor, conversing with* MRS. MEDLAR. *He rests his feet somewhat unconventionally on the Sewing machine.*

THOMAS HENRY GRAPP *is sitting on the bed near which is the Typewriter on a table, in the room on the third floor, reading "Science and Health" to* SUE, *who is leaning on the bureau gazing at a photograph of Ronald Colman.*

SUE. Gee, Heinie, I wish you'd quit! It's a wonder you wouldn't type that stuff for a while and rest your voice. (SUE *is Modern. After this she will only say "Gee."*)

THOMAS HENRY. I can't rest. I can only wear overalls. Oh, God, why wasn't I educated? Then I could have worn spats

and gone to the Office and Corona might have loved me. (THOMAS HENRY *is Primitive and therefore talks a great deal and very eloquently.*)

SUE. Gee!

THOMAS HENRY. Oh, you may laugh at me, everybody laughs at me, but she *would* love me. If I could only tell her—but father would never send me to Business College. Sometimes I dream that she is *my* typewriter, really mine, and that we are alone at last, in an office—

SUE. Gee!

THOMAS HENRY. Oh, I know they all think I am in love with you, and that that's why I come to your room so much. Father would like that—he thinks that *I* think that you are my real sister. We should go to hell, and Father would be pleased, because that would prove that there *was* a hell, and he wouldn't have to be an Agnostic any more: he could wear collars again. But I know that you are only adopted. So why should I fall in love with you? No, it's her, *her* I *want!* (*He motions toward the Typewriter, which clicks passionately.*)

SUE. Gee! (*She tears the photograph of Ronald Colman in two, throws the pieces on the floor and stamps on them, then sits beside him and takes his hand timidly. The Typewriter bell rings violently.*)

MR. GRAPP (*cutting off a hunk of tobacco*). There is no God. And if there was, I wouldn't believe in Him. (MR. GRAPP *is Provincial and Eighteen seventy. He goes on like this for some time.*)

MRS. MEDLAR. But this is all so academic. The question is, where does your son spend his evenings? It wouldn't matter about God, if Thomas Henry played basketball. (MRS. MEDLAR *is a case-worker and apt to miss the point.*)

MR. GRAPP. Where does he spend his evenings? I'll tell you, missus, since you're so nosey. He spends them up in that bedroom with a Typewriter.

MRS. MEDLAR. What?

MR. GRAPP. Aye. But nothing like *that*. Oh, no, missus, we may be Rural, but we're not so limited as all that comes to. No, it's the machine he's after—that little devil of a Corona: the day we got *her* from the city was a sad day for us.

MRS. MEDLAR. Good heaven! I must look this up.

MR. GRAPP. Aye, look it up. But you need look no further than Darwin, for it's all there. There is no God, etc. Why is the lad what he is? It's the bad blood in him. He's no son of mine.

MRS. MEDLAR. Gracious!

MR. GRAPP. *That's* his father—that dirty brute there. (*He kicks the Sewing machine, whose treadles begin to churn viciously.*) Aye, fight me, will you? Come out of your corner and fight like a man!

MRS. MEDLAR. But this is awful!

MR. GRAPP. You said it. I've watched it goin' on for years, but I bided my time. At first I thought it was all for me—me and my shirts—that she was shut up here with him—fool that I was! Her Singer, she called him—Singer, Bah!

MRS. MEDLAR. Much worse than Bah, *I* should say.

MR. GRAPP. But when the boy was born, I knew—I knew! I've hated him, ever since. An' I'm through, d'ye see, I'm through! You've sung your last song, Singer, for I'll kill you with my bare hands! (*He tears the wheel from the machine, rips off the leather band, and throws the parts around the room. The machine falls to the floor with him and they roll about, locked in a death-grapple.*)

MRS. MEDLAR (*running down stairs to the kitchen*). *Help!* Help!

MRS. GRAPP. Don't scream, dearie, there's nothing gained by screaming. Look out at Grandpa on the lawn—ain't he peaceful and happy? That's like we all ought to be, I always say.

MRS. MEDLAR. But your husband is killing Mr.— I mean your husband has gone crazy and he's smashing your perfectly good Sewing machine!

MRS. GRAPP. Ah. He would be. Poor Singer! *He* was mine, all right, dearie, but I'm not so sure he was perfectly good. We had a woman in by the day, one year . . . grandpa warned me.

MRS. MEDLAR. This is awful. Do you happen to know what your Intelligence Quotient is, Mrs. Grapp?

MRS. GRAPP. I haven't any, dearie, never had. Let's sit on the grass, shall we?

MRS. MEDLAR. Will nothing move you? Listen: your son is in love with a Corona Typewriter. There!

MRS. GRAPP. Lordy, lordy! Well, it was to be, that's all. It's in his blood. And Love conquers all, I always say.

MRS. MEDLAR. Give me that axe!

MRS. GRAPP (*handing her an axe from beside the stove*). Here it is, dearie, but as I always say, kindness wins in the end.

MRS. MEDLAR *rushes upstairs with the axe and strikes the Typewriter heavily with it.* SUE *and* THOMAS HENRY

spring up, and THOMAS HENRY *tries to protect the Typewriter with his body, but falls, dying, from a blow in the head.*

MRS. MEDLAR (*smashing the Typewriter with fury*). Take that, you huzzy, and that, and that!

SUE (*screaming*). Oh, gee, oh, gee! He's dead, you meddling devil, he's dead! And he might have loved me! God, I could kill you for this!

She strikes MRS. MEDLAR, *who sinks to the ground at the foot of the table. The Typewriter totters, falls, and crashes* MRS. MEDLAR'S *head in. Its bell rings feebly, it gives a few dull clicks, and is silent.*

SUE (*screaming, runs down the stairs to the dining room, and a shadow falls over the top floor*). *Pa!* Pa! Come quick—the Typewriter has killed Mrs. Medlar!

MR. GRAPP (*in a low, weak voice*). There *is* a God, then!

SUE. But Mrs. Medlar killed Heinie! Come!

MR. GRAPP (*faintly*). I can't come. That damned machine has done for me, my girl—I got him first, but he's done for me.

SUE. Whatda you mean, done for you?

MR. GRAPP. The needle was rusty. I'm poisoned. It won't be long, now.

SUE. Gee! (*She runs down to the kitchen, and the shadow creeps slowly over the second floor.*) Ma! Ma! Come quick—the Sewing machine killed Pa!

MRS. GRAPP. Wait a minute, dearie—where 'you goin', grandpa? (*For Grandpa has risen and is trundling the Lawn Mower around the corner of the house, out of sight. He waves his hand cheerily, then goes.*)

SUE. But lissen here, Ma, get this!

MR. GRAPP. Dearie, watch out for your grandpa—maybe he'll listen to you, if he won't to me. It's terrible when they get that way at his age, and she's the kind that never grows old, no matter what date's on her.

SUE. SHE? WHO?

MRS. GRAPP. That Lawn mower, dearie. She's lured him on, and lured him on, but as soon as the poor old man gets fresh with her, she turns on him and rolls. She's nearly got him, twice, now.

SUE. Gee, Ma, you don't mean—

MRS. GRAPP. Don't I, though? She nearly cracked his old skull against the woodshed, last year. See what they're doing, dearie, that's a good girl.

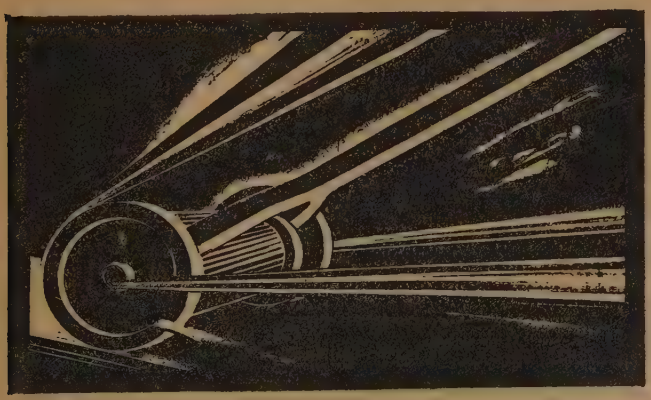
SUE. Gee, I can't stand this! (*She dashes to the corner of the house and screams wildly.*) Ah-h-h!

MRS. GRAPP. What is it, dearie, what?

SUE. Oh, he's trying to push—

MRS. GRAPP (*shaking her head sadly*). Getting fresh again, is he? I always say—

SUE. Ah-h-h! It's rolled over him! Ah-h-h! Grandpa's squshed flat—gee, she's rolling right along! Oh, God! Ha, ha, ha! (*She goes crazy, as the Lawn Mower rolls majestically around the house, whirring and clicking. Its wheels are stained with blood. The shadow falls rapidly down over the ground floor, as* SUE *staggers across the track of the advancing lawn mower.*)



MRS. GRAPP. Be careful, dearie, she's thirsty! She ain't through, yet!

SUE (*standing with her arms raised directly in the track of the Lawn Mower*). Ha, ha, ha! Attagirl! Come on, baby! Attagirl! (*She falls in front of the Lawn Mower as the descending shadow plunges the stage in darkness. Above the whir of the machine is heard the voice of*

MRS. GRAPP. Love conquers all!

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

U. of C. crew man invents non-sinking shell which functions admirably on the Alameda Estuary. "CAL GROOMED AS DARK HORSE FOR 1930 P'KIP."

Junior Chamber of Commerce invents new slogan "San Francisco, the Convention City." Adjourns, sine die *to rest on its laurels for the remainder of the year.*

Captain Robert Dollar addresses Western Women's Club on subject of foreign trade. Tells story about how he made Los Angeles build that harbor.

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE AN ANTARCTIC EXPLORER

Take a game byrd, surround with several cabbage heads, a few sharks and a lot of canned goods. Add plenty of blubber oil, some spice, a dash of ginger, and lots of salt. Seal tight, set on ice and serve with snow-pudding or Eskimo Pie.

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—MARCH

by EDWARD HOPE

The principal dangers to the child in March arise from the fact that Spring nearly, but not quite, arrives during this month. The question of proper clothing for outdoor wear usually becomes acute during the first week of March, when the first warmth of the vernal season is to be felt in the air. On this day the normal child will complain that his underwear scratches, that his overcoat is worn out and that his cap got wet last week and shrank out of all possibility of wear. He will advocate leaving off all these garments.

At this point, the parent must take a strong stand. I am not in a position to say, at the moment, what this strong stand should be. To have a cap and overcoat worn as far as the first corner and there discarded does little good, and underwear does scratch; I remember that distinctly. At any rate, give out your rules and stick to them through thick and thin as long as you can.

Measles are popular with children during March. There are two kinds of measles, German, and Plain or St. Agnes of Mipipany's Measles. Look for measles in your children just three days before you plan to go South for a little Spring vacation. Measles last about three times as long as you expect, and once they are over establish an immunity to the disease that lasts for years and years. This fact spares us a lot of child-murders.

As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined, but when you bend a child be careful that he doesn't snap back in your face.—Mr. Hope

APRIL BEGINS *on* TUESDAY—*hath 30 days*

The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All Fool's-day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.

♉ **The Sign of Taurus** —*Poor Robin*

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, &c.
1	Tu	*April Fools' Day*, so 1930 census starts.
2	We	100 yrs. ago, U. S. less than 13 millions of people.
3	Th	Ms. of "Alice in Wonderland" sold for $77,260, 1928.
4	Fr	Galloping Dick executed, 1800. Highway Robbery. *Poor Richard.*
5	Sa	C. M. Depew, 94, died, 1928. [*can commit it casually.*
6	Su	*Clever women commit sex occasionally, but only wise ones* [F ☽ Q]
7	Mo	King of Afghanistan's tonsils out, *2 yrs. ago today.*
8	Tu	Petrarch crowned with laurel, 1341. *With* laurel, not *by* Laura.
9	We	Excitement over Daugh. Am. Rev. blacklist, 1928.
10	Th	Daffodil time.
11	Fr	And many LILIES on Park Ave., *some of them gilded.*
12	Sa	If ants wander far from home in spring, look for a dry summer.
13	Su	Palm Sunday & Passover hand in hand! [F ♍ M]
14	Mo	A year ago C. C. Pyle had the bunion boys pounding hard.
15	Tu	*Perversion defeats its own end, by killing its creator.*
16	We	It hasn't Passed Over yet & won't for 3 days.
17	Th	Dangerous days ahead *for the unmarried.*
18	Fr	Good Friday. Look out for bones when eating fish.
19	Sa	John Grier Hibben born, 1861. *Smart showers.*
20	Su	EASTER SUNDAY. (Next year, April 5.) [L ☾ Q]
21	Mo	Rome 2,683 yrs. old today.
22	Tu	In the theatre you either marry your opportunity or live with it.
23	We	Famous lecture on Shakespeare by Gene Tunney, 1928.
24	Th	Dorothy Parker *made a boat* a year ago today.
25	Fr	Floyd Bennett died, 1928. Cromwell born, 1599; *an ugly baby.*
26	Sa	Confederate Memorial Day most Southern states.
27	Su	*Daylight Saving begins, 2 A.M.*
28	Mo	Buy your smoked glasses for the ee-clipse! See page xii. [N ● M]
29	Tu	Open season on oysters closes tomorrow.
30	We	"L" opened in N. Y., 1878. First Harvard-Yale Brain Test. Won [by Harvard, of course.

Unfortunate miscalculations of time are apt to occur this month due to the Daylight Saving Confusion.

APRIL

PANORAMA OF TWILIGHT, NEW YORK

by BURTON RASCOE

THE Fisk building is a gigantic pumpkin jack-o'-lantern perched on the window of the mansion of the sky in Columbus Circle and blinking down at the granite totem that is surmounted by the effigy of the discoverer of America. . . . Saffron lights from sky-scraper windows make checker-board patterns against

a murky backdrop. . . . Sidewalk peddlers in Park Row croak out to the dwindling crowd, "The great American classic, boys, 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' boys, only five cents a copy, boys, five cents a copy, a nickel, a half a dime!" . . . Anxious girls scan the mob descending into the subway and stamp their feet in impatience in the unofficial public rendezvous beneath the Times building at Forty-second Street. . . . Highboy Harry, who stalks through the streets on stilts eight feet high, advertising a restaurant, a movie, or a tailor's shop, shoulders his booted and trousered apparatus and trudges down Eighth Avenue to Mexican Joe's for a bowl of chili con carne. . . . The clean-cut, efficient and hard young medical student who is night room clerk at the Bowery Y.M.C.A., tells a derelict wastrel with booze on his breath that he has broken faith with the Y twice in one week and so the Y can do no more for him. . . . The headwaiter at the Ambassador surveys himself in the mirror, gives a final tug to his dress tie, flicks a speck of dust off his shoulder, and descends to the dining room for his evening instructions to the waiters before guests begin to arrive. . . . Weary passengers in subway trains and street cars clip to straps and jostle one another. . . . Dockwallopers of a dozen nationalities quit the piers in the Hudson River below Twenty-third Street and gather around an old-time bar in a Tenth Avenue saloon and converse in an incomprehensible mélange of Spanish, Walloon, Italian, Dano-Norwegian, French, German, Polish and English. . . . Pugilists in training jog-trot along the footpaths in Central Park. . . .

Squat-nosed ferryboats nose into the Staten Island ferry slips and disgorge enough people to populate a fair-sized town. . . . Thugs in poolrooms in Avenue A hatch in whispers their plans for the night. . . . A bob-haired, bread-winning newlywed, home from a downtown office, turns on the electric grill in the combination bathroom and kitchenette of a two-room apartment and prepares a dinner of broiled steak, fried potatoes, toast, cake and coffee before the young mechanic, who is her husband, gets home from the factory. . . . A fading actress long out of work pencils a note in a dingy room on a side street lodging house and turns on the gas deliberately, without igniting it. . . . The dozing bums who had come to get warm in the periodical reading room of the Public Library begin to bestir themselves preparatory to an evening's panhandling. . . . More than 50,000 telephone subscribers lose their tempers because this is the hour the trunk lines are so clogged that it often takes from three to ten minutes to get a call put through. . . . Lower Manhattan, which earlier is the teeming world of finance, is almost deserted. . . . It is six o'clock and it is Manhattan's quiet hour between work and play.

To Produce Golden Hair

Take the bark of rhubarb and infuse in white wine; wash your head therewith, dry with a fine clean cloth, then by the fire or in the sun if it be warm. Do this once and again and the oftener you do it the more beautiful your hair will become, and that without injury to the hair.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR APRIL

JOHN MACY

April 6. MEET GENERAL GRANT. By W. E. Woodward.

On the 9th of April Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. Woodward gives a swift narrative of events and a vivid characterization of Grant, a great soldier and—though thick-and-thin patriots will not like to hear this—almost nothing else that was admirable.

April 13. THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING. By Francis Bacon.

Bacon is most popularly known for his pithy condensed Essays, but they are only the prelude to his real work as a philosopher. The Advancement of Learning is much more important.

April 20. THE LIFE OF MOSES. By Edmond Fleg.

On Thursday of this week begins the Passover, which is a Jewish feast, in a real sense Mosaic. Fleg is a French Jewish poet, and his book is a poetic prose epic, beautifully translated into English by S. H. Guest.

April 27. FURTHER POEMS of Emily Dickinson, and THE HERMIT THRUSH by Kathleen Millay.

It is interesting to group these poems by American women of different generations. In some ways their moods are not dissimilar. They write as women of the sorrow of life, and both have a touch of defiant irony.

HOW *to* CLEAN FLATIRONS.

Scour the flatirons when cold with brick same as used for knives, and wash with soap and water, which will render them perfectly smooth.

April 6th is John Roach Straton's birthday. Should he spend the day in Canada he will be searched like every other ordinary citizen upon his return to the land-of-the-free.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

by WALTON HALL SMITH

Whose personal history is too extravagant for this space, but whose novel Forgive Us Our Happiness *(Liveright, Spring, 1930) the Philomenus will order before it is published, and advises you to do the same.*

Well, I just dropped in for a second.

Well, say, will you bring up some ice before you go?

". . . more important than all this is the opposition of Spirit and Soul which first comes out in the basic feelings of the apostolic religions, then pervades the whole of Apocalyptic . . ."

God's sake, who's that?

He's the one paying for the rooms.

He better be.

Oh, he's a nice fellow. He only likes to lay in bed and drink alone.

Say, he's not alone in there.

No, he's reading to Hazel in there.

Oh, there was a young man from Nantucket—

Who's that?

That's Earle. We got two rooms.

Hey, Vern, Opal's dressing to get the ice.

Listen, Vern, I'm not getting no ice, see?

Now, Opal, be calm.

Is that your host?

No, that's Earle. They been asleep.

Well, so long, Vern.

Say, bring up some ice before you go, would you?

Why don't you ring for your ice?

Well, they don't answer our phone any more.

Hey, Vern.

Yes, Earle.

Who is that out there, Vern?

That's a man that's leaving, Earle.

Why don't you throw him out, Vern?

He's too big, Earle.

Come and throw me out yourself.

No, I'm asleep, friend.

Hey, Earle, tell him about your divorce.

Is it long?

Listen, friend. It's a love story. I was supposed to have my wife's poodle spayed but I was too kind-hearted. I had her bred and then she died.

Is that her corpse you've got in there?

Which one of you said that?

Now, Opal, be calm.

No, I won't be calm, see? Was it you said that, Vern?

No, that was the man leaving, Opal.

Well, I got to go.

How about that ice before you go?

". . . forms and guides the world-contemplation of the awakened Culture—Philo, Paul, and Plotinus, Gnostics and Mandeans. . . ."

There goes your host again.

He's reading.

He better be.

Hey, Vern.

Yes, Earle.

Is he gone yet, Vern?

Pretty soon, Earle.

Now, listen, friend. My wife wanted Cytherea spayed but I said, "Unjust, dearest, how would you like—?"

Did she say yes?

Hey, Vern, throw that guy out.

". . . life of the body in space, and the fact that it is the *body* that is in question makes the former sin and the latter punishment. . . ."

What the hell's he reading?

He's reading "Vice in Solitude," by Dr. Davis.

I thought you said Hazel was in there.

Oh, there was a young man from Peru—

Well, I just dropped in for a second.

Say, would you mind bringing up a little ice before you go?

Listen, friend, we rented a male. My wife scrubbed Cytherea for two days, and she got a ribbon from her wedding night-gown for Cytherea's neck. And she wouldn't even give the male a pat on the head. She cried all the time, friend. She poured a half a bottle of Nuit de Noël on Cytherea and I put them together

in the bathroom. Then the male wouldn't go anywhere near Cytherea.

So that's what spoiled your blissful married life.

Hey, Vern.

". . . Æschylus and Pindar comprehended Being as reproach, and the Saints of all Cultures feel it as an impiety that has to be killed off by askesis or . . ."

Listen, you dope, I told you I was to have Cytherea spayed but I got too kind-hearted, and then she died after.

Oh, then, that's it.

Hey, *Vern.*

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

No one writes a life of Amadeo P. Giannini.

Pop Fuller discovers a pair of twins, either one of which may or may not carry on in place of Helen Wills almost any day now. May Sutton Bundy, in response to interrogation, admits she may emerge from retirement to play at Wimbledon in June.

Earl Derr Biggers starts three new Charlie Chan stories based on synopses already sold to Fox Movietone.

Lindbergh, interviewed on S. F. climate, grants that avvyation has great future in America.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE BIBLE

by LOGAN CLENDENING

Who, like Florenz Ziegfeld, makes the human body exciting and romantic, the main difference being that Mr. Ziegfeld is concerned with its physiognomy and how it looks, Dr. Clendening with its physiology and what it does.

Illustrated by BETH KREBS MORRIS

An artist who can illustrate Devil's Island *and make it appalling, a book of humor and make it uproarious, a fairy story and make it charming.*

MARCH (the period of Lent) is Bible-reading month.

This article is a scoop on Dr. Joseph Collins. The doctor has looked at nearly everything now and I have been afraid he would look at the Bible before I did so I am going to beat him to it. At least I hope I am, but I am not sure because the last time I saw him I said, "Joe" (I always call him Joe because that is his name and besides he never asked me to), "Joe," I said, "have you ever looked at the Bible?" And he said, "No! No," he said, in fact, repeated, "No. What is it?" So I told him. And, by the way he kept writing on his cuff, I feel sure he went home and began looking at it or whatever he calls writing a book.

The Bible has come in lately for a good deal of well-merited stricture from scientists. The scientists say it is all wrong. But in the particular branch of science in which I am most at home—medical science—I must say the Bible receives only my most whole-hearted approval.

For instance, take Methuselah. Take Methuselah and take Samson. There are a couple of specimens which should interest any doctor. One is the long-lifedest man and one is the strongest man who ever lived. And how does the Bible handle them from the standpoint of science? Perfectly, that's how. If you want to realize just how well the Bible does handle them, suppose some writer of our own vaunted day were writing the Bible. Say Bernarr Macfadden. Suppose Bernarr Macfadden had been writing the Bible, what would he have done when he came to Methuselah and Samson? I'll tell you what he would have done. He would have made them both the same person. Why? Because Bernarr Macfadden believes that strength goes with long-lifedness—the stronger you are and the more exercise you take, the longer you'll live. But does the Bible make any such fool mistake? It does not. It sticks to the facts. It makes Samson and Methuselah two separate men and then it makes one specialize in strength and the other in long-lifedness.

And suppose H. G. Wells had been writing the Bible. What would he have done when he came to Methuselah? Why, he would have made him the wisest man

in the world. Because H. G. Wells thinks the only trouble is that people don't live long enough and if they could live to a ripe old age they would finally all become as clever as he is. But did the Bible make any such fundamental biological error as that? Go to the record. Is there put down one astute thing that Methuselah said? Certainly not. It just says he lived from so and so to so and so and begat a good deal off and on, and died. We don't even know that he was grammatical, let alone epigrammatical.

And suppose that Elinor Glyn had been writing the Bible. How would she have jazzed up the Samson story? It takes no stretch of the imagination to see that she would have made Samson a very shrewd handler of the fair sex. Because Mrs. Glyn believes that if a man is strong and handsome and brave and witty he must be a good judge of reproductive technique. Again, the Bible gets over on the side of biological correctness and leaves the modern writer on the wrong side of the fence. The Bible tells you that from the time Samson decided to get married his career displays a lunkheadedness in his ideas about women that has almost no record in history. Of course the Delilah episode was the culmination, but for those whose memory is a little shaky on the sacred writings, we invite them to return to the account of Samson's bridal night to see whether we are an accomplished critic or not.

One set of modern writers, however, has been justified by recent biblical research. I will confess that the Methuselah story was always hard for me to swallow.

I frankly did not believe that anybody could have lived that long. And as a medical man, I kept asking myself *if* he did, how did he? The Bible has always played fair in other matters and I could see no reason why, if they had a specimen who lived to be 969 years old, the Bible would not give a few little household recipes as to his habits, et cetera. Besides that, and as my second point, I have always been somewhat doubtful of the ability of the Life Extension Institute to prolong life quite as glibly as they say they can.

But now it turns out I was wrong. The Bible research expedition of the University of Northern Arkansas has just unearthed some tablets in the Arabian Desert showing that Methuselah belonged to the West

Nineveh branch of the Sodom Health Analysis Institute and got himself thoroughly examined all over once a year whether he needed it or not. They charged 1,000 dinars per examination then, and receipts in the

Sodom office showed that Methuselah had paid in a total of 825,000 dinars, so that he entered the experience at the age of 144. That was in April, 3829 B.C.

They didn't find anything very serious the matter with him until 3717 B.C., when he was discovered to have acne (The New York Life Extension Institute has reported, in examining over 16,000 males, that 10.4 per cent had acne or other chronic skin disease, so they must regard this as a pretty serious menace to health and to the prospects of longevity). Acne is a sort of a grand medical name, you know, for that very devastating disease—pimples. So they got him over it and he went on until 3523 B.C., when he developed malignant astigmatism and heavy dentistry (The New York Life Extension Institute found that 41.8 per cent of their applicants had this).

Well, things rolled along according to the tablets. The Health Analysis Institute was right there by Methuselah's side every minute. One year (3482 B.C.) he had "tenderness over the appendix region," and another (3264 B.C.) he had "weak inguinal rings." Then, of course, when news like this got out, the morticians from the whole neighborhood—from Dan and Beersheba and Persopolis and Tyre—would gather around or send representatives. But always the Sodom Health Analysis Institute instructions sent right out from Sodom itself, were followed to the letter and always they pulled him through.

The way he died was peculiar. The local examiner for the institute that year (2104 B.C.) at the very time

Methuselah was going to be examined, went on one of his busts to Gomorrah and in his absence and the consequent neglect, Methuselah died of fulminating flat feet (16.4 per cent of The New York Life Extension Institute's group were found to have flat feet).

A COMICAL ADVENTURE *of a* SLEEP-WALKER.

A Young Gentleman of London, having Occasion to pay a Visit to a Relation of his in the Country, it fell out that the Gentleman's House at that Time happened to be full, on Account of a Kinswoman's Wedding that had been lately kept there; he made the young Gentleman very welcome, and told him every Room in the House was full but One, and that was haunted. The young Gentleman replied, "Sir, you will much oblige me by letting me lie there, for I have often coveted to be in a Place that was haunted." The Gentleman ordered the Chamber to be got ready, and a good Fire made therein, it being Winter Time.

When Bed Time came he was conducted to his Chamber, and having recommended himself to the divine Protection, went to Bed, and in a little Time went to sleep, out of which he was awaked about 3 o'Clock in the Morning, by the opening of the Chamber Door, and the coming in of somebody in the Appearance of a young Woman, having a Night Dress on her Head, and only her Smock on; and this unknown Visitant going to the Chimney, took the Poker and stirred up the Fire, by the Light of which he could more distinctly discern the Appearance of a young Woman, but whether Flesh and Blood, or an airy Phantom, he could not tell. This Appearance having staid some Time before the Fire, at last walked two or three Times about the Room, and then went to the Bedside, where she soon lay down very quietly. This unknown Bedfellow soon startled the young Gentleman, and as soon as he perceived her to breathe, drew near and found her substantial Flesh and Blood.

MOTORWOCKY

by EDWARD W. BARNARD

Andrew Lang once said that he considered him master among American writers of the ballade. For years he has contributed enlivening verse to the better American publications. His pet verse forms are the French; the rondeau and the ballade his favorites.

'Twas chrysler, and the cadillacs
  Did moon and marmon in the flint;
All chevrolet were the pontiacs,
  And the hudson stearns outglint.

"Beware the Reostutz, my son!
  The claws that clutch, the jaws that bite!
Beware the Buick bird, and shun
  The essex willysknight!"

He took his starpaige sword in hand:
  Long time the dodgeford foe he sought—
So rested he by the fiat tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

The Gentlewoman being all this while asleep, he let her lay without disturbing her, or doing any Thing else but laying his Hand upon her to distinguish of what Sex she was, which he had just Time to do before she flung off the Bed Clothes again, and getting up, walked the Room as she had done before, opened the Door and went out. The young Gentleman perceiving by this in what Manner the Room was haunted, slept very well till next Morning; at which Time the Master of the House came to him to know how he did, and whether he had seen any Thing or not? He told him an Apparition appeared to him, but begged the Favour of him to say nothing farther till the

And as in peerless thought he stood,
The Reostutz with eyes of flame,
Came nashing through the oakland wood
And packard as he came.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The starpaige blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went rollsroycing back.

"And hast thou slain the Reostutz?
Come to my arms, piercearrow boy!
O whippet day! Sedan! Coupé!"
He macktruck in his joy.

'Twas chrysler, and the cadillacs
Did moon and marmon in the flint;
All chevrolet were the pontiacs
And the hudson stearns outglint.

---

whole Family were together; which Request was complied with.

The Desire of the Family to know the issue of this Affair, made them dress with all Expedition, and they were all convened by 11 o'Clock. When they were all together in the great Hall, the young Gentleman told them that he had one Favour to desire of the Ladies before he would say any Thing, and that was to know whether any of them had lost a Ring. The young Gentlewoman from whose Finger it was taken, having missed it all the Morning, and not knowing how she lost it, was glad to hear of it again, and readily owned that she wanted a Ring; but whether lost, or mislaid, she knew not. The young Gentleman asked her if that was it, giving it into her Hand, which she acknowledged to be hers, and thanking him he turned to his Kinsman, the Master of the House, "Now, Sir," said he, "I can assure you," taking the Gentlewoman by the Hand, "this is the lovely Spirit by which your Chamber is haunted." And thereupon repeated what has been already declared. The Con-

fusion the young Lady was in at this Relation cannot be expressed; she declared herself ignorant of all the young Gentleman said, but did believe it might be so on Account of the Ring, which she perfectly well remembered she had on when she went to Bed, and knew not how she lost it. The Relation gave the whole Company much Diversion, and the Father declared, that since his Daughter had already gone to Bed to his Kinsman, it should be his Fault if he did not next go to Bed to his Daughter, he being willing to bestow her upon him, with a good Fortune. This generous Offer was so advantageous to the young Gentleman that he could by no Means refuse it; and his late Bedfellow hearing what her Father had said, was easily prevailed upon to accept of him for her Husband.

A Medicine for FLUXES *of the* BELLY.

Give for a Dose in any convenient Vehicle, as much powdered or grated pizzle of a Hart or Deer, as will lie upon an ordinary Half Crown Piece.—*Hutchin's Almanack, 1776.*

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—APRIL

by EDWARD HOPE

April is another month for extreme care in rearing your child. April brings all the troubles, both mental and physical, of Spring, and Heaven only knows how most children survive all the Aprils between their fifth and seventeenth birthdays.

The least a boy can be expected to break during April is a couple of windows; the most, though not always the most desirable, is his neck. Tree-climbing, a not entirely

pleasant reminder of the processes of evolution, sets in among boys in April. Some advocate having all trees gone over by experts during March to make sure that no branches will break, but even such a precaution tends only slightly to strain a boy's ingenuity. If he cannot fall with a limb, he will climb to the end of it and fall from it with just as satisfactory results.

From early baseball, boys derive broken fingernails, fingers, ankles, legs and skulls, as well as sprains and strains of all strategic muscles, ligaments and tendons. Marbles serve to develop the gambling instinct in the formative years. Tops often bounce up and blind boys. Bicycles are more than likely to bring traffic accidents, as are velocipedes, and many falls on roller skates are fatal. Only fortune can bring a boy through April safely, but liniments and arnica are some satisfaction to parents.

April is likely to develop, in girls over twelve and boys over thirteen, the beginnings of Love. At this time, as in later life, there is nothing you can do about it.

When one considers the dangers of childhood, one knows that each survival is a miracle; when one considers adults, one wonders whether miracles are worth while.—Mr. Hope

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A BEST-SELLER

Take a bunch of clichés, several well-turned phrases, strip carefully of all ideas, place in a large pot-boiler and after stirring about a great deal, spread thin over some sheets of clean white paper, and serve with a dash of applesauce.

MAY BEGINS *on* THURSDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day.
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.

II
The Sign of Gemini —*Mayer's Song.*

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, &c.
1	Th	*Give the children a May-pole.*—I. W. W.
2	Fr	Arbor Day in N. Y. state. *It won't hurt though.*
3	Sa	Which reminds us—Evergreens may be moved now, but why
4	Su	Anything you feel is too wonderful to [move them?
5	Mo	Feast of Flowers—Mexico. [happen *probably* won't. [F ☽ Q]
6	Tu	Unruly rains in Chicago.
7	We	Such things as GARLIC have wrecked many a marriage.
8	Th	Mr. Coolidge faced N. Y. L. Board of Directors, year ago today.
9	Fr	Moths *begin to work*. Question of survival of fitter, you or moths.
10	Sa	Conf. Memorial Day, Ky. & N. Car. (the 30th for Va.).
11	Su	Mother's Day, but *most* sons and lovers have discovered that
12	Mo	Tammany Hall founded, 1789. [you can't serve God
13	Tu	Jamestown founded by 100 colonists, 1607. [& Mamma. [F ☉ M]
14	We	Between 500 & 600 *pairs of twins* born per month in Manhattan.
15	Th	Straw hat day. Tap Day at Yale with *lots of desire under the Elms*.
16	Fr	Dante born about this time, 1265.
17	Sa	P. Funzinello fined $10 for biting his horse, 1929.
18	Su	Hudson River Day Line opens. *Night boats wiser for*
19	Mo	*If love were not a dream, it would be a nightmare.* [to repent.
20	Tu	STRANGE EVENT which makes some people [L ☾ Q]
21	We	3rd Anniversary of Lindbergh's flight. There are two
22	Th	classes of society; those who never forget to wash the
23	Fr	bath out after them; those who don't have to.
24	Sa	Nobile reached N. Pole, 1928, & left a message from the Pope.
25	Su	Following day the Italia fell 1,500 feet & cracked.
26	Mo	Andrew Payne wins Bunion Derby, Los Angeles to N.Y., 1928.
27	Tu	Send Anne & Chas. Lindbergh *appropriate present of paper*.
28	We	[N ● M] [23 dys. 15 hrs. 21 min.
29	Th	Mears & Collyer start for round world record, 1928, & make it;
30	Fr	Ascension Day *for the quick* & Decoration Day *for the dead*.
31	Sa	Field of Cloth of Gold, 1520. A gold standard, or what have you.

An allegorical picture of a book club bringing the author and the reader together.

MAY

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF SNOBBERY

by BURTON RASCOE

SNOBBERY is, it appears, one of the most ineradicable traits of human nature. The learned man is a snob in his treatment of the unlettered; the linguist is a snob toward those who know only one language; the writer is a snob toward those who earn their living

in the pursuits of real estate, merchandizing, or other forms of unliterary barter and trade; the rich man is a snob toward those less opulent; the man of distinguished lineage, though he himself be a weakling, a parasite and a cad and without any ability or resource of any sort, is a snob toward the new rich who can boast of no distinguished lineage. And so on.

But the trend of democracy has softened some of the sharp edges of the old displays of snobbery. Snobbery now is to be found in its severest and cruellest form, not among the upper classes but among the lowest. In a household where there are many servants the caste system is much more carefully drawn than it is among the master of the house and his acquaintances. In a great hotel, the caste system is as severe as it is among the Hindus.

Head waiters in a great hotel are princelings in a miniature empire, and the hotel itself is a confederation of states in which the maître d'hôtel is czar and the proprietor prime minister. There are strict lines of caste, ranging all the way from the maître d'hôtel to the lowly washroom attendant.

Next below the maître d'hôtel is the chef, a most arrogant person usually, who is supreme ruler in the kitchen and who demands subservience from the soup cooks, the pastry cooks, the roast cooks, the broilers, friers, salad makers, appetizer assemblers, and beverage chefs. The cooks, in turn, treat the dishwashers, their own assistants, and the scullery maids with condescension. And the dishwashers tilt their noses in the

presence of the floor-moppers and garbage attendants.

The head waiter is grand duke in the dining room and to him the captains (who are often mistaken for head waiters because they show people to tables and do not wait on tables themselves) are meek and menial. The captains are tyrants to the waiters and regard them as social inferiors. The waiters, in their turn, regard the bus-boys as low worms to whom they must never address a civil word. The bus-boy is the lowest on the scale, sharing with the washroom attendant the last rung of the ladder.

Having no one in the hotel empire to whom they can be arrogant and surly without losing their jobs, the washroom attendants and bus-boys take it out on the customers. The head waiter and even the waiter may be obsequious and all smiles to a patron, but the bus-boy and the washroom attendant feel under no obligation to be so. The bus-boy will rake crumbs into your lap, overflow your glass from a decanter so that the water makes your tablecloth so damp you can't put your hand on it comfortably, or scowl at you and pay no attention when you ask for an ash tray. The washroom attendant will be rude where the head waiter is polite, because, like the bus-boy, the washroom attendant has no social status to lose.

We will never have a democracy so long as there exists a serving class, for servants are the most inveterate of snobs.

Danny Deever orphan son of a big Ohio bootlegger has a birthday on May 8th. He may be adopted by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

Our Own Book of the Week Club for May

JOHN MACY

May 4. The Earlier Poems of Tennyson.
This is suggested of course by his May Queen. He celebrated all seasons and aspects of the English country, and in him the birds and brooks of England sing.

May 11. Walden. By Thoreau.
Also a poet of nature, though he wrote in prose. A philosophic rebel against the conventions of society and the dishonesty of governments.

May 18. Religio Medici and Urn Burial. By Sir Thomas Browne.
Rich, sonorous, seventeenth-century prose with the true eloquence of profoundly interesting matter and magnificent phrasing.

May 25. The Bab Ballads. By W. S. Gilbert.
As a joyous relief from these solemn poets and thinkers. And it is excellent adroit verse, the verse of the Gilbert of the operas.

A Plea

Two years ago Charles F. Brush of Cleveland gave $500,000 to control the population of the earth. There is now a desperate need for further contributions towards this worthy purpose, as all the Prohibition Agents' guns are getting old and rusty and the noble souls who are dedicating their lives to the great work are shooting day after day in vain.

REFLECTIONS FOR THE NINTH OF MAY

Which is the festival of St. Gregory Theologus, the Patron of Them That Write

by JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Who has made a world for himself—Poictesme—more real to his admirers than the one they live in.

Illustrated by EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE

A young French artist, recently come to New York, who will very shortly be as well known in America as he is in Paris.

LET us upon this day give hearty thanks for all those books which we planned and did not ever write. For such was their happy fate that against their loveliness no compositor has upraised his impious blunt pencil, to question their grammar or their spelling, nor to command any Procrustean operations upon their perfected prose. These books did not come back to us in proof bescribbled with insane suggestions in blue, and eruptive with the uncivil verdant comment, "This page is one line too long." Not ever were their chapter endings marred with the brisk and over-businesslike order, "Add something here to make five lines."

A symbolic representation of Mr. Cabell's Reflections

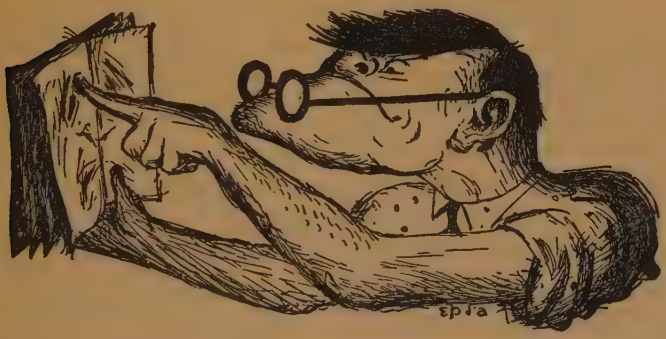
Nowhere in these books did any printer's error cunningly elude our eyes through all the long laborious proof-reading until, at last, from the fair page of an irrevocably bound volume, that error, in triumphant enormity, might skip forth like a very tiny coal-black fiend. These books were not printed upon paper which scattered in the reader's lap white dust. No fault whatever dimmed the beauty of those books which we planned and did not ever write.

Nor did any criticaster mishandle them. They, they alone of all our books, were not put in their proper and unenviable place by the indubious godlings who are quite certain about all things which be, saving only the truism that if their judgments had value they themselves would not be writing book reviews for the local Sunday paper. These books did not provoke those even more depressing pæans which so belauded our excellence, in such very handsome superlatives, that we for a glad while had read on, beamingly, well into the third paragraph, before being smitten down by the knowledge that only a well-meaning idiot could possibly have written those last five lines.

For these books escaped all ills. The *Dial* did not praise them, nor did William Lyon Phelps at any time asperse their literary merits with his approval. The Book of the Month Club respectfully ignored them as it pimped for the inane among the illiterate. They were not awarded a Pulitzer Prize. They were honored in all ways, were those books which we planned and did not ever write.

So is it that today not even their contrivers can dis-

cover in these books any flaw. These books do not raise the untactful questions: "What butterfingers could have let this adverb thus slip its moorings and settle here, of all places, where it adheres to the wrong word? What bungler thus divorced this pronoun from its noun? However came this sentence to end with a phrase of so grave unimportance? What klepto-



maniac pilfered hence a comma? And how, in Jehovah's most high name, did anybody ever come to write, so very maladroitly, any such moonstruck nonsense as maunders through those wholly dreadful last five lines?"

They only of our books do not thus humiliate us. They repay not any months and no years of labor by arraigning us, in every printed page, upon the double counts of time-wasting and of botchery. For they stay forever beautiful, and urbane, and always kindlily companionable, those books which we planned and did not ever write.

PRODUCTIONS OF 1930

by GILBERT SELDES

Wise and witty, whether editing the Dial, *contributing to the* New Republic, *or producing a book like* The Seven Lively Arts.

EXCEPT the producers, no one has ever made a bad guess about any forthcoming theatrical season. The reason is that all guesses are alike, not only as between prophet and prophet, but between season and season. All you have to do to predict the next season in the theatre is to look at the last.

Merely by way of variety, the following predictions relate not to the shows but to the audiences. As every one knows, there are several schools of thought concerned with the future of the drama. The Duse-Gordon Craig school says, "Destroy the theatre!" The Theatre Guild School says, "Create an audience!" and the Seldes-Benchley School (as of 1922, the great coughing and sneezing year when entire audiences were still convulsed when an ingénue said "Damn") has as its platform, "Destroy the Audience." Of these three, the Guild alone has made any headway. And as audiences are frequently more interesting than the plays they congregate to see (and on first nights more interested in themselves), the following certainties to be observed in the coming year may be used as a guide to the shows:

Mr. Arthur Hopkins will produce an audience which thinks that familiarity with the boats of the French Line indicates cosmopolitanism and worldliness and sophistication; and another, smaller audience which thinks there's not enough tragedy in real life, so why can't we have a little on the stage?

Mr. Morris Gest will offer an audience consisting of all those who thought The Miracle was great art and of all those who think that David Belasco made a great sacrifice when he said to Morris Gest, "Russian, take The Red Mill on tour," and of those who were impressed by the decalcomania saints in the windows of the Hippodrome dressing rooms.

The Provincetown Players will manage to get together an audience which will assure itself once every fortnight that it was just this way that Gene O'Neill ("jolly old Gene") got his start—and at least once in the season will have reason to suspect that miracles repeat themselves.

The Shuberts will extemporize no less than fifteen different audiences a week, the sources, habits, characters, and complexes of which will remain for ever an awful mystery.

The Theatre Guild will, with hardly any trouble, retain the audience which will infallibly interrupt the play whenever Miss Westley makes her first appearance on the scene, which will not believe the fable of the lean year after seven fat years, and will trot round to see one of Mr. Golden's little comedies with only a very small sigh of relief.

For an audience of the highest critical sensibilities, Mr. David Belasco will put on plays which are exactly one hundred percent pure art, and for this satisfaction the audience will pay in money which is exactly one hundred percent legal.

The audience created by Mr. Winthrop Ames will appear only once in the season, smile discreetly, and proceed to a supper dance at the Ambassador.

Mr. Earl Carroll will rake together an audience which wants to have, and does have, a good time.

The audience attracted by Mr. Ziegfeld will consist entirely of sceptics—that is, people who don't believe a word of the Ziegfeld announcements about art, and are (nevertheless or therefore) confident of liking the Ziegfeld shows.

Twelve small groups operating downtown or in the East Fifties will fail to cooperate in the production of a single good-sized audience ninety-five percent of whose members will passionately hold that the future of the theatre is somehow bound up with the triumph of the economic principles of Soviet Russia.

At his night club Jimmie Durante will have an audience divided against itself; half of it will think that the half which grows slightly hysterical at "Daniel" is necessarily drunk; half of it will think that the half which shouts encouragement to the dancing girls is very drunk.

The directors of The Grand Street Follies will wait until the end of the season and then collect an audience which will try to believe that The Grand Street Follies is as good as it ever was—if it was.

William A. Brady's audience will be concerned to discover whether Mr. Brady has found another "Street Scene." If he produces the Folies Bergère, the comparison will still be made.

The eighty-four producers who are looking for another Abie's Irish Rose will join the two thousand editors who are looking for another Mr. Dooley, and constitute an audience all by themselves. They will be found exclusively in the lobby (tickets costing what they do).

Miss Eva Le Gallienne will stare out of countenance any portion of the audience (to wit, George Jean Nathan) which fails to subscribe to the motto, "The Queen can do nothing very wrong."

Messrs. Morley, Morley, Morley and three other fellows will drag across the river an audience which believes in advertisements if the advertisements are quaint enough. And thinks that the repetition of "funny without being vulgar" is always funny—without being vulgar.

The best audiences, as usual, will be created by Joe Leblang's cut-rate agency.

AN ARABIAN PROVERB

He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep. *Awaken him.*

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is simple. *Teach him.*

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool. *Shun him.*

He who knows and knows that he knows is wise. *Follow him unto the end.*

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

Gas explosion in Los Angeles rates banner heads, "TEMBLOR ROCKS, L. A.," *in all* S. F. *newspapers but the* Call. *The* Call *plays it,* "QUAKE WRECKS SO. Cal."

Earl Derr Biggers sails for Honolulu to put finishing touches on three new Charlie Chan stories.

Rhododendrons put on their show in Golden Gate Park. Four old ladies drive out to see them. John McLaren, still undiscouraged, plants more for next year.

Captain Robert Dollar addresses Senior Class of Galileo High School on subject of foreign trade. Tells story of how he made Los Angeles build that harbor.

IN HIS IMAGE

Potassium	1.1659%
Sodium	.2906 "
Iron	.0535 "
Calcium	.0273 "
Magnesium	.0771 "
Phosphorus	.7406 "
Chlorine	.2552 "
Sulphur	.7576 "
Water	72.53 "
	75.8978%
What have you	24.1022%
	= MAN

SHOULD THE PUBLIC BE TOLD?

A Sockratic Dialogue

by CARROLL CARROLL

(2:30 p.m.—4:30 a.m.) Male, first-class, unmarried, poor risk, no reasonable offer rejected . . . last seen wearing a smile and going south in The New Yorker, Judge, Life, Canada Goblin, Saturday Evening Post *and other gay resorts . . . often seen passing a given point in columns . . . is ambitious to have one of his own or be a movie critic or both. . . .*

PLACE: The Home of Henry Gavem Lunch
TIME: After Din-Din

Persons in the Dialogue

DR. PARK CABMAN COUNSEL...A Minister of God
MISS DOTTY TRICKS.....Love's Little Gift of Roses
STERNO MUCSLATTERN .....The World's Strongest Publisher
PRO BONO PUBLICO.....The Unknown Free-Lance
HENRY GAVEM LUNCH .....Editor of "Boredom," "The Magazine of Conversations."

MR. LUNCH. Gentlemen, shall we join the lady?
MISS TRICKS. Oh, let's be informal . . . unbend, as it were. I believe every man should treat every woman as he would treat his own daughter: so I was listening at the keyhole.
MR. MUCSLATTERN. Bending is a very healthful exercise. It reduces the hips—

MISS TRICKS. Oh, Mr. MucSlattern, I can't allow you to touch—

DR. COUNSEL. My own work, Miss Tricks, makes me able to appreciate your position at the keyhole, perfectly. Now I would—

MR. PUBLICO. Just a minute. May I ask a question?

DR. COUNSEL. By all means. And I will answer it in my daily column if it appears to be representative of the trends of thought in the many letters I receive. It seems as if—

MISS TRICKS. If you will send a fully s.a., s.e., I will be only too happy to let you have a personal note. I'm always glad—

DR. COUNSEL. I trust, my dear Mr. Publico, that you follow my daily annotations on spirituality?

MISS TRICKS. And mine on connubiality?

MR. MUCSLATTERN. And mine on abnormality?

MR. LUNCH. If you'll let Mr. Publico ask the questions, as usual, we'll get along better. I've heard that the syndicates of the fathers will be visited upon the children. Opinions, as to the advantage of this, vary. By getting you folks together this way, informally, I thought you might contradict one another and come to something—say about 2,500 words.

MR. PUBLICO. May I ask a question?

DR. COUNSEL. In answering one of my most devoted public, I had occasion, the other day, to dwell for a brief space upon the ever-growing tendency of the youth of our day to falsify by dilution. What is the stuff they're drinking and where do they get it? Heaven knows I wish I knew! Take care, I say, for this cannot go on without its unhappy corollary.

MISS TRICKS. Unhappiness and happiness. What a hair's breadth divides them. So often I have been called upon to decide vital matters of home, love and marriage that I am forced to be brutally frank. Frankness is the basis of all true love. I'm frank with my public and my public loves frankly.

MR. PUBLICO. May I ask a question?

MR. MUCSLATTERN. The question is clear! Why will murder out? Here is the graphic explanation . . . the true story

facts. We are living in a highly civilized age. That is why there are so many murders. The Indians didn't murder each other. The Indians didn't have murder trials. They protected themselves by leading healthy, vigorous lives. They didn't have time to think. The more people think the more they murder. Cæsar was murdered by Brutus because they both thought. We lead sedentary lives. We are protected by police. We have nothing to worry about. For our guidance laws are passed. Is it any wonder we murder? If there were no laws there would be no such thing as murder.

MR. PUBLICO. May I ask a question?

DR. COUNSEL. Possibly, if you are one of my readers, you remember the Milk Scandal of a few years ago. I am sure you must for I said some words and spoke in no uncertain terms on the subject. When this Great Commonwealth found that its vital structure was being undermined and pitted by the iniquity, the sacrilegious machinations of a band of unholy money grabbers who were literally using infants' blood to lubricate the shafts of their high-powered motor cars by placing water in pure, sweet cow's milk shipped into the city fresh every morning and selling that adulterated cow's milk as pure, this Great Commonwealth did what any right thinking Great Commonwealth would do. It passed a law.

MR. MUCSLATTERN. What we need is to be stronger. More physical. More physical culture means less physical contact. Starved bodies call forth love-cults. Love-cults call forth jealousy. Jealousy calls forth murder. Murder calls fourth and fifth editions. And then what? Extras! Men who exercise regularly are faithful. They do not murder or get murdered. They haven't time for such nonsense. Women who shoot their men are under-worked and over-stimulated. Give your woman plenty to do and she'll forget you.

MR. PUBLICO. May I ask a question?

MISS TRICKS. Look at the case of Frankie and Johnny. They were lovers, as the song tells us, and "oh, goody-goody, how they could love!" the poet sings of them. And then every-

thing in their little love-nest went bang-bang-bang. Anyway, Frankie did and with a great big forty-four, too, whatever that is, which she carried in her kimono. Of course she was wrong to wear her kimono on the street, even just around the corner; but it's too late to mend now. Gossips said that Johnny was her man and that he was doing her wrong. They forget she took him "for better or for worse" and so was not justified on that score although the jury did acquit her. This only goes to show, though, how gossips can ruin a home. People who listen to the invidious breath of scandal should not be allowed to live.

MR. PUBLICO. May I ask a question?

DR. COUNSEL. But this law against watering milk need not have been passed by this Great Commonwealth if the speed at which we are living had not taken us from our New Testament; for both the Old Testament, which I shall ever hold sacred and the New Testament, which I shall ever defend (Deuteronomy, v. 18, and St. Matthew, v. 21), clearly cover the crime.

MISS TRICKS. Who really was wrong? That is the question. Frankie did not hold Johnny's love because she was slovenly. Johnny had to seek companions elsewhere because his little home was not neat. On the other hand, Johnny drank and it made Frankie very unhappy. Too unhappy to do her wifely chores properly, singingly; greet him with a smile when he came lurching in and darn his socks. That is the problem of married life today.

MR. MUCSLATTERN. Work hard, exercise vigorously and you'll forget your troubles. Physical culture is better than divorce. Lumbermen and sailors never get divorces because they exercise.

MISS TRICKS. Will the wife be a little helpmate, a joy, a honeysuckle-vine, a jim dandy sport and a little peach about everything or will she twenty-three skidoo? That depends on the man and the woman. Nobody can take a chance and generalize the way I do about everything.

MR. PUBLICO. May I please ask a question?

DR. COUNSEL. Should it then have been necessary to pass a civil law to enforce one of the Ten Commandments? No! I should say not. And any right-thinking person should say the same thing. Nevertheless, it became advisable to put a jail sentence on the violation of the Seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." It is now illegal to put water in milk.

MISS TRICKS. Women are no more the cause of marriage than men and don't let anyone tell you otherwise because I know by my mail, so they should share and share alike on the blame. Like begets like. Love begets love. And stamped, self-addressed envelopes beget personal attention which will solve any problem with a discreetly phrased "yes-and-no."

MR. MUCSLATTERN. Think of me. I'm a man of fifty, yet I sign editorials like this every day. Hearst has Brisbane. I'm the Brisbane of my own existence. I'm better at Brisbanality today than he is. Why? Because I take care of my body. I love the human body.

MISS TRICKS. I believe that's my special field, Mr. Muc-Slattern.

DR. COUNSEL. On the other hand, Miss Tricks, it sounds to me as if it fell to my lot.

MR. PUBLICO. May I ask a question?

MR. MUCSLATTERN. I pay five bucks for the juiciest letters!

DR. COUNSEL. I can offer you nothing but painstaking and charitable understanding.

MISS TRICKS. I can't give you anything but love, baby!

When ants wander carelessly from the seat of their republic in the spring of the year, a drought almost invariably ensues; but when they daub and plaister the sides of their habitation, and confine themselves nearer home, a very dripping wet summer is known to follow.—Nathaniel Kent, 1775.

BEWARE *of a* COUPLE *of Desperate* ASSASSINS!

A couple of desperadoes are travelling the country, and are making dreadful havoc of the property and lives of the old and young. They have already slain more of the inhabitants than were slain in battles, and perished in prisonships, during the American war; and, at the same time, they have wasted more substance than would pay the whole national debt. Their strength is invincible. Their method of attack is to strike people on the head, then instantly to trip up their heels, pick their pockets, and continue their blows on the head till they have quite beat out their brains. One poor man hereabouts, who has formerly been an industrious thriving mechanic, has very lately been murdered by them, in a manner too shocking to relate; and there are several others in the vicinity who have been daily attacked by them, robbed of their money, smitten on the brain-pan, knocked down, and in all respects so violently handled, that an alarming stupor has succeeded, and they are already bro't to death's door.

The names of those two ruffians are RUM and BRANDY.
—*Hudson Balance.*

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A BOOTLEG COCKTAIL

One-third lemon juice,
One-third French vermouth (Noilly Prat preferred),
One-third Gordon gin (if no Gordon gin available use Old Peters, or Bols),
Add cracked ice, place in shaker, shake well and serve.
(If guests fear being placed in cooler, serve the cocktails in the following order of precedence: First to the Bootlegger on your left and next to the District Attorney on your right, and drink to the Officer of the Day.)

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—MAY

by EDWARD HOPE

During May the city child is likely, or at least has a reasonable chance, to maintain a fair degree of health. Babies may safely be allowed to romp on the grass in parks, and will benefit greatly if they are not clubbed by policemen bent on enforcing city ordinances. Older children profit by the fact that May is the month in which the movie theatres make their annual change of atmosphere, clearing out the air they have used all winter and getting in a fresh supply for the refrigeration machines.

In the country, poison ivy comes into its own in May. Poison ivy is available in nearly all wooded spots in the temperate zone and children have an unerring instinct for it. The skin disaffection caused by the poison may be treated with calomine lotion, bicarbonate of soda, or the juice of the milkweed plant, if treatment is desired. It disappears almost as quickly when painstakingly cared for as when allowed to run its course. Poison ivy is communicable from one part of the body to another, and a child who puts his mind to it can keep one infection going for an entire summer.

May also brings the first thunder storms of the year, and the careful parent will guard his child against too great a terror of the elements. To comfort her little ones, the thoughtful mother should allow them to find a place beside her, during thunderstorms, under the bed, in the closet, or wherever she has taken refuge.

As a spring tonic, a mixture of sulphur and molasses serves excellently to bring home to a child the seriousness of life.—Mr. Hope

JUNE BEGINS *on* SUNDAY—*hath* 30 *days*

Summer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.

☋ The Sign of Cancer —*Old English Song.*

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, *Prophecies*, &c.
1	Su	Lizzie Borden *safely buried 2 yrs. All quiet* in Fall River.
2	Mo	A pleasant day & a comfortable night.
3	Tu	*Cut worms eat tender cabbages.*
4	We	Tucker Brooke born, 1883. A. Hartmann drove into Paris
5	Th	from Berlin *in cab* behind 13 yr. old horse, 1928. [F ☽ Q]
6	Fr	Harry K. Thaw's invasion of England repulsed 2 yrs. ago today.
7	Sa	Good flying weather.
8	Su	*Sour faces in Scotland. Quarter rent day.*
9	Mo	Whit-Monday—Legal holiday in England.
10	Tu	Teachers of science wear out sooner than others. WHAT?
11	We	Kame Lameha Day (Hawaii). And we didn't [F ☽ M]
12	Th	even know she was sick. [*He had hard luck too.*
13	Fr	DER TAG. Sharp decline in stocks. *St. Anthony's Day.*
14	Sa	Bull fight at Lisbon had 10,000 spectators, 1840. And this before
15	Su	Pleasant walking abroad this evening. [Tex Rickard was born.
16	Mo	Size in hosiery is the no. of inches from top of toe to end of heel.
17	Tu	& lots of people get a great kick from big shoes.
18	We	Roald Amundsen disappeared into the Arctic, '28, never to
19	Th	Donn Byrne died, 1928. Aged 39. [return. [L ☾ Q]
20	Fr	Don't ever mistake *corn remover* for *vaseline.*
21	Sa	SUMMER begins, 10:54 P.M.
22	Su	Kindness is better bestowed on the living than the dead.
23	Mo	Nobile played safe, 1928. *Total eclipse of sun in England, 1191,*
24	Tu	St. John the Baptist's Day. Keep your head. [*but they still*
25	We	Midsummer Day. [*claim the sun never sets.*
26	Th	Fumigate your plane for stowaways *and other* [N ☽ M]
27	Fr	*vermin* before taking off.
28	Sa	Jean Jacques Rousseau born, 1712. Might well be called Lady's
29	Su	"Choose the lesser of two evils." [Day.
30	Mo	*But why choose either?*

Mixed bathing will be prohibited this year unless costumes are reformed.

JUNE

SUCCESS SECRET NUMBER 78429

by BURTON RASCOE

I ASKED a candid friend of mine the other day how he had so palpably succeeded in establishing a reputation among big business men for business acumen and foresight. I knew he was intelligent and talented;

but I know a number of other men just as intelligent and just as talented who have not got anywhere near as far along as he has.

I was prepared to hear an edifying lecture on tact, personality, character, attention to detail, proper hours of rest and recreation, negligence of the clock, loyalty to the organization, and so on. Imagine my surprise when I asked him what he had that other men had not —or at least not many of them: "Owlishness!"

"Owlishness?" I asked. "What in heaven's name do you mean?"

"Owlishness. Sitting and looking wise like an owl. One of the secrets of success at a business conference is that of divesting your mind of any ideas whatever and of thus assuming a preoccupied expression. It took me years to achieve it. I used to have ideas and expressed them. I held nothing in reserve. I laid all my cards on the table. I made no progress. My ideas were usually accepted, but the others at the conference were quick to forget where the ideas had come from, and they remembered only that I had talked a lot and had not shown what they call 'business sense' and 'business caution.'

"When I acquired the trick of holding my tongue and not really listening to what was going on at a conference, I began to acquire a reputation for quiet and forceful wisdom, the wisdom of a man who holds his counsel and suspends judgment—the sort of man who 'considers every angle of a case.'

"Another thing I learned was to demand brass cus-

pidors. I am slightly metaphorical there; but I hope you know what I mean. Big business in New York is run on the theory that the only way to make money is to spend money. It is a theory that has a sound psychological basis. The law of interest teaches you that money begets money. So ingrained is this principle in the minds of most big business men that they are skeptical of the abilities of a man whom they hire as an executive if he guards expense, makes few demands, is content with the facilities offered him and engages to produce results at a figure they consider too low.

"What is more, after the results are achieved, they are still skeptical. If you haven't spent as much money as they expected you to spend, they begin to look around for some one to fill your place who orders in a new lot of brass cuspidors, puts up partitions in the office or, as the case may be, has the existing partitions removed.

"What I have said, of course, is not inevitably the rule. But to any young man hopeful of business success in New York, I should suggest that he combine native intelligence with a certain amount of quiet buffoonery. Some call it front or bluff. But call it what you will, even a commanding personality, but let the young man remember that the axioms of business success are so few and simple that a great many men who have made a great success by following them wish to enjoy the pleasing phantasy that there is a profound abracadabra about it to which their monumental genius is the key.

"The newspaper boys annually make fun of Rockefeller's giving away a shiny new dime with the counsel to save it. Yet that is one of the first principles, if not the first principle, of money power. The second business principle is to buy something at a lower price than you can sell it. The third is to create a demand for whatever you have to sell. When you get right down to it, those three things are about all that one has to know and practice to be successful in a business way, or, indeed, in any other way in this modern way.

"But your average big business man does not like to think his success is so lacking in mystery as that. Even when they themselves know in their hearts that they pretend to secrets and knowledge they haven't got, they nearly always think that their employes, their heads of department, the advisers are privy to these mysteries. So it behooves these sub-executives, these heads of departments to make a mystery of what they know, appear to have vast vision, and be owlish and demand plenty of brass cuspidors."

The amazing man who gave me this discourse has an executive position more profitable than that of the chief executive of the United States. After he had told me this, he drew from his desk an interview he had given to a magazine writer. There were pictures of him at his desk and on the lawn of his palatial residence. In the interview, he expressed sentiments somewhat at variance with the words he had used to me. In fact it was just like any other success interview.

"When you read that," he said to me, "you will

readily understand how true is the advice I would have you give to young men. And you will understand why I permit my name to be used in this magazine article and do not authorize you to use my name in connection with what I have said to you. You see, I practice what I preach. In the magazine article, I find it highly expedient to be owlish, and the article itself is a brass cuspidor, both useful and ornamental."

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

First two weeks of June are warmest since 1901. Californians, Inc., rush double page ad to S. E. P., featuring "CALIFORNIA, WHERE LIFE IS COOLER."

Lawn Tennis Association discusses barring Helen Wills as professional etcher. "CHAMP DEFENDED ON GROUNDS HER PICTURES ARE NOT ART." *Wills, Jacobs and Bundy leave on annual conquest of Europe.*

U. of C. non-sinkable shell fails to function at Poughkeepsie. "EBRIGHT PINS HOPES FOR 1931 ON FRESHMAN CREW."

Stanford professor states California girls are growing larger. Call *carries page layout of California or other girls in bathing suits.*

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR JUNE

JOHN MACY

June 1. THE BISHOP MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine.

Most mystery, murder and detective yarns are not so mysterious after all and are patently artificial. Van Dine's books are the very best of the kind, for they have real intellect behind them.

June 8. AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Benvenuto Cellini.

A great artist and superb egotist, whose Perseus stands there as witness to his right to be egotistical. A bit of a rogue and liar, and that gives spice to his delightful account of himself.

June 15. MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN. By Theophile Gautier.

A charming romance such as only a Frenchman, and an exquisitely gifted Frenchman, could write. The skirts of propriety are lifted by a graceful and delicate hand.

June 22. MOLL FLANDERS. By Defoe.

Thoroughly English of the eighteenth century. We all think of Defoe as Robinson Crusoe. But his minor fiction, MOLL, CAPTAIN SINGLETON, MEMOIRS OF A CAVALIER, are enough to make the literary fortune of any author.

June 29. LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By Mark Twain.

Thoroughly American. It may be found in the long run that this autobiographical record is more valuable than any of Mark Twain's fiction, except of course HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

June 28th one of Mr. Ernest Boyd's compatriots will urge the famous translator's valet to dye his master's lavender tuxedos black as a birthday surprise.

WHY I RETIRE AND NEVER DO

by GEORGE M. COHAN

That grand man of the stage who could have made Timon of Athens smile; a phenomenon, an actor who can laugh at himself.

PRESENT conditions in the American theatre are deplorable. Hirano, arrange for passage to Europe.

Tap dancers will no longer permit grand opera stars to be billed over them. Musicians are in a quandary as to just what new demands to make. Actors are complaining that the big salaries aren't big enough. Stage hands are harder to manage than prima donnas. Hirano, I think we'll stay abroad two or three years.

Black face comedians will not sign contracts for less than ten percent of the gross receipts. Theatre ticket agencies made several million dollars less than they expected last season. Hirano, you like Paris, don't you? You'll have to, we're never coming back.

Dramatic critics are raising the very devil about the whole situation. Song writers are so disgusted with New York they are all buying estates in Hollywood. Musical hits are lucky if they get the costumes paid for in a year's run. Dramatic hits are lucky to pay the transfer man. Hirano, see if we can't get away by Saturday. Call the office and tell the staff we're closing shop for good. To hell with show business.

Playwrights are at it hammer and tongs with the film crowd, battling about the price to be paid for dialogue rights to plays they have already sold for silent pictures. Hirano, what do you mean by bringing me all these sharpened pencils? Can't I make it clear to you that we are sailing?

Printers are charging twice what they should for posters. Press agents spend too much time getting their own names in the papers. Railroad fares are too high to even take a troupe to Atlantic City for a try-out. Hirano, start packing, will you?

Producing managers are not half as rich as they ought to be. The cost of rehearsals amounts to more than the first week's gross. In five years a millionaire producer of today will be a stage doorman. Hirano, where have you been? Telephoning? To whom? Mr. Dunn at the office? That's swell. Then we can get away by Saturday! No, I don't care for a drink. I never take a drink except before a matinée! And there are to be no more matinées, no more songs, no more racing up and down aisles directing directors, no more sitting up all night writing plays.

There isn't any thrill about the theatre. There isn't any delight in writing for the theatre when you know there isn't a cent to be made. Hirano, isn't the phone ringing? Who, did you say? Lincoln Wagenhals of Wagenhals and Kemper! What does he want? He says he has just returned from Europe and thinks it terrible! Says he'll only be happy when he returns to producing, does he? The chump!

There are twice the number of theatres there ought to be in New York. All the good actors have gone into the talkies. There isn't any road. There isn't any New York. There isn't any theatre. Hirano, thanks for the pencils. And bring me some paper. Call the office and tell Eddie Dunn I want the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago for a new play.

Wait a minute. Ask him if the Fulton Theatre is available. Tell Eddie I'd like to try out a musical show in Boston. Also ask him if the Garrick in Philadelphia would like a comedy to open the season. See if you can find Charlie Washburn—I've had worse press agents than Charlie. Ring Sam Forrest. Ring for actors. Only get busy.

And, by the way, Hirano, if you think of it, kindly cancel that trip to Europe.

Coins, as regulated by the New York Chamber of Commerce, in 1769.

	Grs.	£	s.	d.
A Johannes, weighing	0	6	8	0
A Moidore	18	2	8	0
A Caroline, weighing	8	1	18	0
A Spanish Doubleloon, or 4 Pistole Piece	8	5	16	0
An English Guinea	3	1	17	0
A French Guinea	4	1	16	0
A Chequin, weighing	4	0	14	6
A French Pistole	5	1	8	0
An English Crown			8	9
A French ditto			8	6
An English Shilling			1	9
A Pistereen			1	7

A MEDITATION UPON GRASS

by SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

Who first enchanted America with Lolly Willowes, *then tightened her hold on us with her poetry, and then proceeded to come over from England and put the final touches on the spell by the power of her own personality.*

Grass in the meadow,
  Before it seeds,
Is hay, that the sweet-breathed
  Nation feeds,
And if you walk through it
  The farmer bleeds;

And grass in the cloister
  Of St. Bede's
Is one of England's
  Noblest deeds,
To be shown to Americans,
  Mahometans, and Swedes;

And grass to man
  For his Maker pleads
If it grow in a prison-yard,
  Or in Leeds;
But grass on the gravel
  Is merely weeds.

So out comes my neighbour with a long rake,
And scrabbles it up, saying, What a mistake!

IT HAPPENS

by MURIEL DRAPER

Who turbanized America, who lives in a stable with blood-red walls and a green-blue ceiling, whose articles and Music at Midnight *have made even more stir than the remarkable taste of her interior decorating, who talks more delightfully than almost any one in New York.*

Illustrated by ZHENYA GAY

Who requested that her personality and reputation be left inviolate.

IT happens that women are much with men. They sit with them. They talk with men. They eat, laugh and walk with them. They travel, cry and fight with men. They live and sometimes die with them. I have not said they dance with men, but that can come under laughing. They are much with men.

They sit beside them on seats of stone and sometimes on the sand. On the grass they can be seen seated and opposed to each other at small tables. Together they throng the theatre seats . . . and often talking. At small tables eating they sometimes laugh with men and afterwards walk with them. Perhaps they fight most while travelling, but while crying are more often alone. All this is part of living with them and in rare romantic livings, part of dying.

Some women are young and others younger than that, while many are older. The very old, like crying, are more often alone. The beautiful ones smile and the less beautiful laugh. Those that are younger than some are frequently silent, listening to the talk of their nerve centers. The many older are very intelligent and listen to the talk of their men. All are much with men. Even the very old have been.

And during all this withness they have learned some good habits. One is, to be quite nice about very attractive other women. The word attractive coming before the words other women usually means women who attract the man you are with. The word other coming before the word women usually means one of those women who is not with the man you are with. There are quite a few of these. A few of these few attract all men.

A man sitting opposed to a woman at a small table eating, for instance, will see one of these few sitting at another table and look at her. He will look at her until the woman opposed will perhaps ask who are you looking at? do you know her? The man will say no, but I think she is very attractive, don't you? And the woman often says very quickly, yes, very, and then looks away for a little while. A little later she might say it is not the kind of skin that should wear pearls but she *is* attractive. And that is usually all.

Or talking with a man a woman will notice that he is not all listening but is turning his ear a little away, and she might ask, Are you worried about anything?

And sometimes he says Yes. Other times he says, No, I am just listening to that very attractive speaking voice. Do you know whose it is? Yes, I know her quite well, the woman will perhaps answer. . . . I

have known her for years. It *is* an attractive speaking voice, very. It gets on your nerves when you listen to it long because it doesn't change much but it's a lovely voice, *lovely*. And then she will laugh a little. You see, laughing can come under almost anything except crying. It usually comes just before and just after that or else a long way away.

Attractive other women are not much about where men are fighting with women, though sometimes it is about them.

But in the theatre a woman is often seated beside a man watching a stage. And on the stage are often very attractive women. Very. There you can see almost all their attractiveness. The theatre is a very good place for that because most plays are written about what happens when a lot of attractions meet. Sometimes they pass on. Often they stop awhile. They go back seldom. In the meanwhile they make men and women sit and talk and eat and laugh and walk and travel and cry and dance and fight and live and sometimes die. Most of this because of attractions. So you can see that women sitting beside men in the theatre have to look and listen to a lot of attractive women. And they do. They applaud and laugh and cry and are very attentive. They attend to the man beside them too, and they know how he is attracted but they say very little about it. Almost nothing. And on the way home from the theatre when the man is sometimes very silent but quite kind they do not say anything either. But they know. And as I have said before, they are quite nice about these other attractive women.

And they have been quite nice about this for thousands of years, I guess. Anyway, thousands of times.

Now there are some men that are very attractive. Perhaps not many but quite a few. And many women know this. If, sitting beside a man in the theatre they

see one of these on the stage, they are sometimes quite talkative on the way home . . . not silent and not very kind. But not *un*kind—just a little sharp perhaps, or wanting to go somewhere before going home. Men do not often notice why this is. Or they wonder. But they do not always know.

Or a woman might dance with another very attractive man than the one she is with—a man that dances very well and is . . . well, dances very well. Women do not often mention this. They just dance the three next dances with the man they are with, who is perhaps young but not younger than that, but always very intelligent.

A woman eating with a man might mention that most good cooks are men and that all good head waiters are, but that would not mean much.

And perhaps more women have seen men cry than those men have seen women cry, in spite of the fact that much crying is done alone. And men do not look very attractive when they cry, either. But women do not speak of it much.

When women very rarely and always carefully do speak of an attractive other man (the word attractive coming before the words other man usually means men who attract the woman you are with), men have not learned to be quite nice about it.

Try it.

It happens that men whom women are much with are sometimes different. But not often.

MARK TWAIN VISITS WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A LETTER THAT WASN'T FOUND AMONG HOWELLS' PAPERS, BUT WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Author of Bitter Bierce, *critic, chosen from among many to conclude the biography of Bryan which was left unfinished by Paxton Hibben.*

(Note: This letter is correlated from passages in Howells' correspondence to be found in the following places and order: I, 283; I, 187; I, 239; I, 355; I, 427; II, 185; I, 229. So far as possible it follows Howells' own words.)

DEAR FATHER:

The Clemenses were in Boston last week, and we had them out a day and night with us. Clemens is a thoroughly great fellow. His wife is a delicate little beauty, the very flower and perfume of *ladylikeness*, who simply adores him—but this leaves no word to describe his love for her. Clemens' jokes about killed us. We have been half dead since from eating and laughing. Yet I would rather see and talk to him than any other man in the world, outside my own blood.

There is a great temperamental difference between Clemens and myself. He is dramatic and unconscious; he counts the thing more than himself; I am cursed with consciousness to the core, and can't say myself out; I am always saying myself in, and setting myself

above all that I say, as of more worth. Lately I have felt as if I were rotting with egotism. I don't admire myself; I am sick of myself; but I can't think of anything else. Here I am at it now when I ought to be rejoicing.

The Clemenses' visit was a perfect ovation for us: we never have enjoyed anything so much as this visit of theirs. The smoke and the Scotch and the late hours almost killed us; but we looked each other in the eye when they were gone and said what a glorious time it was, and aired the library, and began sleeping and dieting, and longing to have them back again.

Your affectionate son,

WILL.

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—JUNE

by EDWARD HOPE

When James Russell Lowell pulled his famous crack about the rarity of a day in June, he intended, I am exclusively informed, not a compliment to the weather of the sixth month of the year, but merely to indicate the proven fact that there is practically no such thing as a June day.

The days of June are of two kinds: there are March days and there are August days, and these are amazingly mixed together in such a way as to imperil the health of grown-ups and children alike. All the *itises* the breathing apparatus is heir to may be looked for this month, and not in vain. Chilblains and heat prostration come almost

simultaneously, but fail to counteract one another. If the children's grandmother can be lured into taking care of them for two or three weeks, so much the better.

June is a nice month for scarlet fever, diphtheria, mumps or any other disease that involves a lengthy quarantine, or so dear, half-witted Mother Nature seems to think. Babies tend to develop new teeth, hives and, in unfortunate families, baby brothers and sisters. Babies also lose their appetites but can sometimes be persuaded to eat if they are given clam juice cocktails, caviar or gin and bitters before their regular bottles. Failing with this means, parents should put their infants on bread and water for discipline.

In June, children like to experiment with their diet by eating such strange berries and herbs as may be available in near-by wooded places. It is well to buy a gallon of castor oil on the first of June, to get the wholesale rate.

For valuable hints on the care of children, obesity diets, and radio, telephone Mr. Hope at MERidian 1212

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A TABLOID

Take a large steak, beat up with two Yeggs. When well pounded, cut up in small bits and wrap in a piece of cloth or cover with bay leaves. Remove next morning. If whole mess is found to be somewhat unsavoury, add a dash of relish. Lay on thick over two small sheets of paper and serve. (Excellent dish for a large crowd.)

JULY BEGINS *on* TUESDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

Now comes July, and wi h his fervid noon
Unsinews labour. The swinkt mower sleeps;
The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant.

♌
The Sign of Leo

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, *Prophecies*, &c.
1	Tu	Franky Yale *took a ride*, 1928. Fed. of Canada Treaty signed in Bl.
2	We	Earth in Aphelion, 7:00 P.M. [F ☽ Q] [& Wh. at White Horse
3	Th	Dog days begin (& never end). [Inn by Scotch with Rye faces.
4	Fr	Independence Day. *Now run by a So-Be-It of wom. & children.*
5	Sa	Calvin Coolidge 58 yrs. old yesterday.
6	Su	Sure rain today.
7	Mo	Know the difference between Apparent Time & Mean Time?
8	Tu	Neither sounds to us like a really *good* time.
9	We	John Drew died, 1927. Aged 73. Hold stocks.
10	Th	Bull market coming. It always has. [F ☺ M] [Yancey.
11	Fr	Anniversary of Mussolini's wait of 1¾ hrs. for Williams &
12	Sa	Zappi & Mariano picked up, 1928. *And perhaps some of Malmgren?*
13	Su	Bath tub Murder, 1793. *Victim*, Marat; *killer*, Char. Corday.
14	Mo	*A tidy wench who didn't like to mess up the parlor.*
15	Tu	St. Swithin's Day. If it rains today, it will for 40 days.
16	We	In 24 hrs. a TOAD will eat 4 times the capacity of his
17	Th	stomach, so destroy toads in case of famine.
18	Fr	Obregon assassinated in Mexico, & 200 poisoned in Mass. with
19	Sa	*chocolate cream pie*, 1928. *Amer. 199 up.* [L ☾ Q]
20	Su	Mildred Mercier fried EGG in 4′32″ on step of National Capitol
21	Mo	"AND HOW!" said Drake in 1588 re. defeating [& then ate it.
22	Tu	W. C. Brownell died, 1928. Aged 76. [Spanish Armada.
23	We	*One of the hottest days of summer.*
24	Th	Sir Geo. Rooke took Gibraltar, 1704. Eng. always good at rooking.
25	Fr	If you're not hot enough, go to Boise, Idaho. [N ● M]
26	Sa	*Have nothing to do with lawyers today.*
27	Su	America & England cabling back & forth for 64 yrs. today.
28	Mo	Revolution in Paris going strong 100 yrs. ago today & Chas. X
29	Tu	Booth Tarkington born, 1869. [abdicated.
30	We	Henry Ford born, 1863.
31	Th	2nd ann. of Tunney's *giving up the Ring for the Book.*

You have no idea what a Boy Scout will do for a jackknife, even on a hot July day.

JULY

A NEGATIVE BAEDEKER

by BURTON RASCOE

FACTS about New York that are not to be found in the guide books:

There is no five- and ten-cent store in the Woolworth Building, an edifice that was built on nickel and dime purchases.

There is no Postal Telegraph station in the Postal Telegraph building.

The New York *Times* is not published in the Times building at Times Square.

There is no terminal in the Bush Terminal building on Forty-second Street.

There is no Herald or Herald-Tribune office in Herald Square.

You cannot get any oil or gas for your car at the Standard Oil building at 26 Broadway.

New York's water supply does not come from the reservoir in Central Park.

You cannot buy any cigars at the United Cigar Stores building on West Eighteenth Street.

Players are in a decided minority at the Players' Club.

There are no Friars in the Friars' Club.

The "filet of sole" on the bill-of-fares of New York restaurants is filet of flounder.

There is no square in Times Square.

Longacre Square is triangular in shape.

There is no battery in Battery Park.

The first name of the proprietor of the Billy-the-Oysterman restaurant is not William.

There are only three Brevoorts listed in the Telephone directory and none of them runs the Brevoort hotel.

There is no newspaper office in the New York Tribune building.

There are only five Knickerbockers listed in the

telephone directory, although the city was founded by Knickerbockers and there are a hundred or more concerns which use Knickerbocker as a trade name.

There is nobody by the name of Stuyvesant in the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Square. In fact, there is only one Stuyvesant listed in the city. His name is A. Van Horne Stuyvesant. He lives at 3 East Fifty-seventh Street.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

U. of C. professor states California girls are not *growing larger.* Call *carries page layout showing changes in women's bathing suits from 1897 to present day. Central figure shows artist's conception of bathing suit of tomorrow.*

Lindbergh, interviewed on Municipal Airport, states that avvyation in America is certainly going ahead fast.

H. L. Mencken makes his annual discovery that S. F. is ideal soil for cultivation of the arts.

Bohemian Club announces one king, three talkie stars and Will Rogers as guests at annual Jinks. Charlie Field commutes from New York to have his picture taken again with Herbert Hoover in front of their joint cottage in the Grove.

Kill dandelions in lawns by injecting a few drops of gasoline into the crowns.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR JULY

JOHN MACY

July 6. THE DIARY of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited by Allan Nevins.

This diary, which covers about the first fifty years of the Republic, touches American life with amazing variety and vigor. J. Q.'s father, the elder Adams, had much to do with the first Independence Day and he died, appropriately, on the fiftieth Fourth of July. By a pretty coincidence Jefferson died the same day.

July 13. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. By Lytton Strachey.

A masterpiece of biography. Superb analysis of character. The dramatic and narrative power is that of nothing less than a genius. And what phrasing!

July 20. ROTHSCHILD'S FIDDLE and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov.

This is a selection in The Modern Library of stories from the several volumes of the work of the greatest Russian master of the short story. Chekhov has one quality in which his great predecessors seem not to be rich, and that is humor. But he also has their seriousness and acute understanding of character. Also he is a marvellous story-teller.

July 27. MID-CHANNEL. By Ludwig Lewisohn.

This is a fulfilment of Lewisohn's UP STREAM, and it is a more profound book. For it is more than autobiography. It deals in a universal way with the eternal problem of the Jew.

On July 30th Mr. Ford will refuse the birthday gift of an early American Whiskey bottle presented to him by a group of admiring Flivverites.

RECORD HOLDERS IN THE GREAT AMERICAN GAMES—SEASON OF 1929

by JOSEPH H. GLEASON

Co-author of Shambattle *and other books on children's games, he is the recipient of daily threats by the pacifists for his part in increasing the sale of toy soldiers.*

BELOW is the unofficial lists of the leaders and record holders in the Grand Old American Games for the 1929 season. In some cases the outstanding competitors of the past and present are mentioned.

The Sucker Game. Texas Guinan easily held onto her title in this field. Miss Morgan finished a poor second. Texas, naming her opponents' weaknesses with utter candor, barked her way through bill folds, checkbooks, talkies, juries and got the little girl a hand-out.

Solitaire. One A. Capone, former racket star, entered the solitaire field as a novice and turned up fifty-two weeks at Philadelphia.

Cops and Robbers. This game was formerly confined to juveniles. Due to Prohibition, it has been exalted to national popularity. The Chicago Police Force con-

tinued to break all records in this sport in competition with teams from every town in America. Philadelphia and Washington tied for second place with New York a poor third.

Debunking. Corey Ford and his "Salt Water Taffy" captured the laurels in this field. However, the past records of Sinclair Lewis still stand. Joan Lowell seemed likely to question Ford's entry into this bailiwick but his ability was acknowledged by the officials.

Squash. President Hoover gained early honors in this fine old game. After Mr. Hoover had squashed Col. "Wild Bill" Donovan, one of the President's best friends, it was conceded by the committee in charge that no one could wield a meaner squash than Herbert.

Football. Contrary to former customs, the award in football is made to the ball rather than to the players. After being kicked continuously by the Bishop Cannon Team, the Hoovercrats, the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Methodist Board of Other People's Private Affairs, Mr. John Raskob still stands as the greatest football of the year.

Follow the Leader. This proved to be a very popular game in Washington this past year. Sweet Alice Ben Longworth turned sour on Mrs. Gann and the Secretary of State effected a draw.

Puzzles. Several famous eugenicists have given a new

twist to this sport by trying to find an hereditary justification for the behavior of young Tom Heflin.

Hide and Seek. Grover Whalen modestly declined the awards offered him for his long search for the Rothstein murderers. The murderers failed to appear before the Board to receive their prizes.

The Reform Game. At the end of the fiscal year, for all records in this game must be based on the amount of reform advocated per dollar received by the reformers, Dr. Clarence True Wilson was the outstanding reformer. Bishop Cannon long held the lead but lost it by the publicity on his stock speculations. A good reformer must have the money with which to speculate but his public must never know. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who played such an outstanding game in 1928, failed to win her "Supreme Court Bench" and quit the game cold.

To WHITEN *& Beautify the* FACE.

Take 2 lbs. of the barley of Libya and pound it with an equal quantity of lentils, and mix with it ten eggs. When this mixture is dry, grind it and mix with it the sixth part of a pound of hartshorn. When the whole is reduced to a fine flour, pass it through a sieve. Add a dozen narcissus bulbs peeled of their outer skin and pounded in a mortar, 2 ounces of gum arabic and Tuscan bearded wheat, and 18 ounces of honey.

Every woman who covers her face with this will make it more brilliant than a mirror.

THE MYSTERY THAN WHICH

by RUPERT HUGHES

Whose novels have had millions of readers, who would have been burned to a crisp in Chicago, for his biography of George Washington, had the cow kicked over another lantern.

"AMONG the uniquer murders I have known, the Affaire Klaus was far and away—oh, farther and awayer—the uniquest."

The Master mystery-monger was speaking, and I, being merely his Quick-Watson, asked:

"What made this Affaire so especially unique, Master?"

"Ah, that takes a bit of tellin'."

"So long as it takes no longer than that," I said, "I can still catch my train, which leaves in exactly three minutes." We were in the Grand Central Terminal at the time and the Master, sniffing snow in a backhanded manner and giving himself a deft shot in the arm, to the amusement of the throngs, began:

"Old Johann Klaus—no relation to Santa of that ilk—was just the man you'd expect to be findin' murdered in his library. Fearin' such a fate at the hands of his dissipated and impatient nephew, he had had the library torn out of his house and what he quaintly called a 'set'n' rum' substituted. Even that gave him

little comfort because he had a feelin' that his nephew was ready to murder him in any room in the house or even outside in order to acquire his property. The nephew was a hard drinker."

"Still," I put in, watching the train-gate anxiously, "many drinkers have soft hearts."

"And hard arteries," laughed the Master with that arch drollery of his, which he concealed except for a merry twinkle in his eye, and a habit of jabbing one in the ribs with his elbow while emitting loud guffaws:

"But jokin' aside," he resumed, "old Klaus was afraid of his nephew, and the last person he was known to speak to was the chief constable":

"My train is going. Good-by," I said.

"Don't interrupt!" he retorted, putting his foot on my suitcase and his elbow on my shoulder:

"As I was sayin', the old man was sayin' to the local Dogberry, 'Chief, I'm goin' home tonight with a mort o' money. I'm buyin' a farm off a man who won't take a cheque. I want you should put a guard around my set'n' rum. Tell your men to saw off their shotguns and peel their eyes, for somethin' tells me, I may never see another rosy-fingered dawn gently dror aside the misty curtains of jocund day.'

"The constable did as he was told, but the old man never reached home. He was found foully murdered on the way, lying in a pool of blood. But you have a train to catch. I'll solve the mystery in the next instalment."

"You'll solve it now," I answered with unsuspected

vim. "You've lost me my train and I have an hour to kill."

"Too bad it isn't a rich uncle," the Master roared. "But jokin' aside, old Klaus was dead and the mort o' money was conspicuously missin'. Rememberin' his words, the chief pursued and—to everybody's amazement—caught the nephew red-handed and red-nosed—gorgeously drunk.

"There was blood on his clothes. His fingernails were full of it. His shoes were caked with blood and mud which chemical analysis showed to be the same mood and blud in which the old man lay.

"He had in his possession the entire mort o' money except what he had spent acquiring his hot, cross bun. His finger prints conformed exactly to the numberless finger prints sprinkled all over the scene of the crime. He was thrown into a cell. The grand jury indicted him without leaving the room. Court bein' in session, for once, his trial began forthwith."

"Master," I gasped spellbound, "this is indeed a mystery. Then they called you in, of course, to solve it."

"No, they refused my services and went ahead."

"Who sprang to the defence?"

"Nobody. The defendant swore he was at a distance from the crime courtin' the young and innocent Miss Sarah Kringle."

"Aha, the woman in the case!"

"But not for long. Sarah swore she hadn't seen the Nephew for weeks and hoped he'd swing."

"This suspense is killing me," I panted. "Who saved him in the dramatic court-scene?"

"Nobody. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty."

"I can't bear it. Who confessed?"

"Nobody, except the Nephew, when he learned the Governor wouldn't commute, reprieve, or pardon."

"The poor man perished to shield another! Quick, Master, the answer. Who was it?"

"Nobody."

"Then whom do you suppose committed—pardon me! Who do you suppose committed the crime?"

"The Nephew indubitably."

"Hell's bells, Master! Where's the mystery in that?"

"This is America, my boy. The mysteries are many and all unique. They suspected the guilty man; they caught him at once; they gave him prompt trial; he was not a foreigner, or a poor and homely defective; yet, it was not the jury but the murderer that hung. He was a red-blooded 100 percent typical American killer. And they killed him. Did you ever hear of anything like that?"

"Master, you are marvelous," I confessed. But I was sorry I had missed my train.

The July temperament of the air this month may perhaps be more critical as to health than any in the year, it has a tendency to lanquors, relaxations, low spiritedness, dizziness, runing or creeping pains, head-achs, nauseas, inappetency, inward weakness, jaundice, diarrhea's, dysentery's, hysteric's, &c.

THE ORACLE TAKES THE AIR

by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

The bird of war, who now sleeps between his own sheets in Fort Mill, S. C., and sends up to New York publishers novels and short stories which we wouldn't want to do without.

Illustrated by JANET SMALLEY

Who lives in Philadelphia, but who could find her way about almost anywhere; for long well-known as a commercial artist, and more recently as the author-artist of two enchanting picture books for children.

A PROPHET is without honor in his own home town and he is also without limitations elsewhere. The only office equipment necessary to go into the business on a large scale is a vivid imagination and a brass tongue.

I have been asked to outline the future of aviation. That is easy. At least no one can contradict me and if there is any scoffing by those gentlemen who still believe that woman's place is in the home, I can point out that Cassandra was the only soothsayer who ever batted a thousand and all she got for her trouble was some unwelcome attention from Agamemnon and a short press notice from Euripides.

If some one will kindly hold my hat I will now mount

the Delphic tripod and go into my trance. Ah, the fumes of the oracle unveil the future!

In the next few years a lot of young men and young women are going to get the urge to fly. Some of them will learn to fly and some of them will learn to play harps.

Then Science and the Marines will dash in from the wings and rescue Miss Ærodynamics as she goes down for the third time while the villainous Lift-Drift Ratio will be hissed off the stage.

Power will soon be transmitted by radio and the gasoline engine will join the bustle and undershirt in the museum. We will all wear flying attachments on our backs that will look like vacuum cleaners with wings, and we will be able to take the air with a hop, skip, and jump. Wives of traveling salesmen need no longer be afraid to live in skyscrapers. There will be no more danger from jumping out of a window than from a fever blister.

Travel will be simple. Television will make weather reports superfluous and a fog will no longer be full of dangers but merely of lovers up necking.

If you want to go to Alaska all you will have to do

will be to tune in on Nome, put a nickel in the slot for a thousand horse power, and emulate the famous crow. We used to feed the baby onions so we could find him in the dark. Soon we will navigate by the same system with radio beacons.

The ladies will undoubtedly fly on the left-hand side of the Milky Way and there'll be No-Parking signs all over the North Pole on summer week-ends.

Due to universal commuting and international broadcasting, everybody will speak the same language, which will be a mixture of Yiddish and Greek. Home-brew, tariffs, the Mann Act, passports, wars, and corns will all disappear and the Law of Gravitation will supersede the League of Nations.

The theory of Evolution will never let us grow wings on our shoulders, but man's rudimentary tail may come back to steer him safely above the same trees where once he hung by it.

Say, what the hell? Who kicked over that tripod?

A *wicked* man is his *own* HELL and his *passions* and *lusts* the FIENDS that *torment him.*

THE GRAPHOTONE POEM

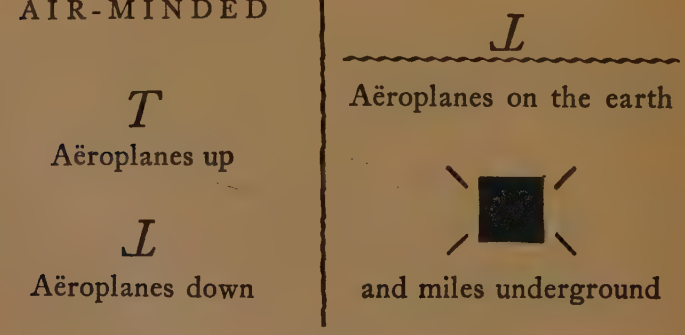
by PAT PRETLOW

Newly arrived in New York from the south with a soft voice, a wicked eye, a persuasive manner, a shady record, a certain amount of knowledge, and, we suspect, a way with women. So he got the job, and, incidentally, had much to do with producing this volume.

In this wonderful age of mechanical marvels and scientific achievement—an age in which one may step into a speedy automobile and fifteen minutes later be in a traffic jam four blocks away—an age in which one may board a train and be whisked to the ends of the earth, luxuriously spilling ice water in the lap all the while—in such an age, I say, the poetry of Longfellow, of Milton, of Shakespeare, lacks life. Lacks the old punch if you get what I mean.

The graphotone poems catch the spirit of the age. If the spirit of the age is to fly, they catch that spirit—that fly.

In a word, the gap that has existed since the beginning of time between poetry and the pictorial arts seems at last to be bridged. You might at least *look* interested.



ARMAMENT

/
A soldier says:

//// //// /
"Armies

move on their stomachs

¢¢¢¢ ¢¢¢¢ ¢
we eat big."

%
A Sailor says:

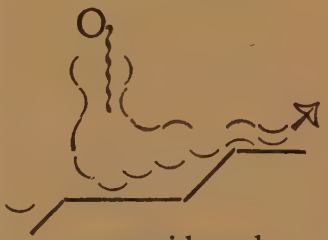
"%%%% %%%% %

too – but

¢¢¢¢ ¢¢¢¢ ¢
the results are different."

NOCTURNE

sea serpents and



mermaids and

Barcas (barouches?)

play all night

long. While
T
to the gibbet go
ʎ ʎ ʎ ʎ
wise guys.

ON GOING ABROAD

Ocean Waves

I I I I

Doric Columns

∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

Church windows

I I I I
∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

Glasses

I I I I
∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

((((

And all empty

Oh dear.

FURMENTEE

Take qwete streyned that is for to say brosten, and aloy hit wyth gode swete mylk, and boyle hit, and stere hit wel, and put therto sugre; and couloure hit with saffron. and for a lorde put no broth therto, but put therto a few zolkes of eyren beten, and stere hit wel that hit quayle noght, and whan hit is sothen serue hit forthe.

EPITAPH DEP'T.

In Burlington Churchyard, Iowa:

Beneath this stone our baby lays:
He neither cries nor hollers.
He lived just one and twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.

WATCH YOUR TRIPE

by WILL CUPPY

Still the naïve Hermit of Jones Island, still incredulous about the sanity of any one who lives in a city, an authority on behavior, fish, flesh, and fowl, author of that grand book which should have been dedicated to Grover Whalen but wasn't, How To Be a Hermit.

I AM no fanatic on diet. Though rated as one of America's leading hypochondriacs, I do very little about it, with the possible exception of tripe. I realize that one cannot be too careful what one puts in one's pantry these days, but you know how it is. And by the way, it is not true, as reported, that samples of my diet, when fed to some chickens at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, caused the patients to squawk feebly, turn up their toes and expire of several hitherto unknown ailments. Nor is it a fact that a litter of seventeen young rats, infected with the same germs, developed double epizoötic and bit their keeper. There were only five rats, and one of them was saved at the last minute by the administration of a whole wheat berry. But we were speaking of tripe.

All this vitamin talk may have influenced me to take up tripe, which probably contains some of them. There may be something in vitamins, so it's well enough to be on the safe side, in case. Why go

through life with Klieg eyes, cauliflower ear, Hapsburg jaw and dum-dum fever if you can help it? Once I knew pretty well what vitamins A, B and C were good for; in fact, I kept in touch until they got up to F. Anyway, squirrels never have whatever it is you avoid if you eat Fat-soluble A, or nut vitamin.

Don't fly into a panic, my friends, over the difficulty of diet problems. Domestic science today is a high pressure game, but not nearly so impossible for the layman and laywoman as it might seem at first glance. First master the carbohydrates, fats and proteins, and you will find that the hormones, endocrines, chromosomes and vitamin G will practically take care of themselves. The rest is a mere matter of mineral salts, chlorophyll, amylopsin, amino-acids, hemoglobin, peptids, glycogen, cellulose, impetigo contagiosa, pernicious hangnails, hyperchlorhydria, xerophthalmia, German measles, financial backing, publicity and luck. Of course, there's the chyme to think of, too.

And enzymes! An enzyme is rather difficult to explain to the beginner. It is something like a vitamin, only more so, and resembles an atom in being extremely hard to catch and rear in captivity. It may be only a rift in the ether, if there is any ether. The general effect is so atomish that I often find myself bursting into a little song of mine, running, "An atom and an enzyme went reeling down the street." Perhaps I can make it clearer by stating that water (H_2O) is composed of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen. The three small bottles that stand in a row on the labora-

tory shelf contain individual portions of hydrochloric acid (HCL), nitric acid (HNO_3) and sulphuric acid (H_2SO_4), and by sucking up a mouthful of the last through a burette provided for the purpose one can manage to attract quite a bit of attention. Bunsen burners are fun, too, aren't they? I need hardly call the attention of my more intelligent and critical readers to the vital connection of all this with tripe. And of course I'd have to have a terrible cold the minute I tried to be funny.

HENRY VIII *paid $250,000 Yearly* DRINK BILL.

The great Master of Henry VIII's Household allowed himself ten gallons of ale for dinner and ten for supper, besides six quarts of wine at each of these meals, but the Lord Chamberlain had to be content with only four gallons of ale and three pints of wine at each meal.

In addition to what they could drink at the public table, a Duke or Duchess had a personal allowance of a gallon of ale in the morning, another in the afternoon and another, with wine, after supper.

The total expenditure on food and drink for the whole household reached a sum equivalent in modern currency to about $1,750,000 a year.

A REGIMEN *which has been found very beneficial in* CONSUMPTIVE CASES.

Eat plentifully of Water Grass, with new Milk from the Cow, and take two or three Spoonfuls a Day of Syrup, made by a Pound of Sugar Candy to a Pint of the Juice of Water Grass.—*Hutchin's Almanack, 1776.*

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—JULY

by EDWARD HOPE

In the matter of child health, July gets off with a rush in the United States with Independence Day. Powder burns, tetanus, blindness and loss of eyebrows are to be confidently expected in early July, although the effeminate age in which we live has done away with the dynamite firecrackers which, in the brave old days, used to remove fingers and toes.

Wise parents meet the July 4th emergency by having policemen and private ambulances, with doctors and nurses, stationed at their houses throughout the day. The medical attendants may be retained for the evening, too, to treat the father of the family for such injuries as he sustains in showing the children how fireworks should be set off.

During July, children should be taught to swim. The first thing to overcome in this instruction is the natural antipathy of the child to the idea of getting his face, hands and neck cleaner than necessary. Nearly all children, at first, attempt to keep their heads entirely clear of the water; it is necessary to explain that water without soap is not a very violent cleansing agent.

It is not advisable for fathers, during the period of swimming instruction, to allow their offspring to see them getting knocked down and rolled by breakers or sinking from exhaustion in still water, as this impairs the confidence of the beginner. Girls should be taught to swim but not too well, as the swimming lessons they will receive from eligible young men, when they are a little older, are valuable social adjuncts.

Mosquito bites may be avoided by applications of citronella, which has an odor that no self-respecting mosquito can endure. Most parents, however, prefer to allow the mosquitos to go ahead with their work. Children may be provided with sterilized sandpaper to scratch the bites.

A child who shows a tendency to rock boats should be allowed to do so; such things are as well finished off early in life.—Mr. Hope

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A GOLFER

(Good Game Dish)

Take a couple of birdies, place on some well-cut greens. Putt eighteen holes around the edge, rim the cups with some excellent tea, then fill in with hard white round balls. After several good beatings, tie up with some long grass and serve as a single course, with a club sandwich and a good shot of Haig and Hagen. . . .

It is no longer necessary to worry when you cut your finger and there is no iodine in the medicine closet. A simple way to procure iodine is as follows: Get a cow immediately (a small one will do). Then go to the beach and gather sea-weed which should be carried home and powdered. (Any flour mill will do it for you at a reasonable cost if you are busy yourself.) Feed the cow on the powdered sea-weed for a few days, and she will produce milk containing iodine. Extract the iodine from the milk (like a fly, perhaps) and apply. The milk need not be wasted. Feed it to the little ones.

AUGUST BEGINS *on* FRIDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

Now spotted plagues, and yellow fevers, dire,
Rob'd in hot vapours of the midnight gloom,
Through man's soft frame vindictive flames inspire,
♍ *Which hurl him swiftly to the dreary tomb.*

The Sign of Virgo

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice, Prophecies*, &c.
1	Fr	*Lammas Day*. Celebrates Wheat harvest in Eng. [F ☽ Q]
2	Sa	"If thou desirest to die, eat cabbages in August."
3	Su	Fred Stone crashed in airplane, 1928. Fast of Ab.
4	Mo	Shelley born, 1792. War declared 16 yrs. ago.
5	Tu	Bones won't be coaxed on this day. Sow seed for
6	We	biennials and perennials *for next year*.
7	Th	Send a little ragweed to friends suffering from hay fever.
8	Fr	Or sage bush if you live in the west.
9	Sa	The deaf this year will have trouble in hearing. [F ♍ M]
10	Su	Herbert Hoover born, 1874.
11	Mo	Fulton's first steamboat voyage, N. Y. to Albany, 1807.
12	Tu	It will rain if you see a cat washing behind her ears.
13	We	Or horses making whoopee when they ought to be eating grass.
14	Th	*A very fine day*, or the planets deceive me.
15	Fr	*Assumption* of the Bl. Virgin Mary.
16	Sa	How about that "modest country house" for the President
17	Su	which Calvin Coolidge was talking about? [L ☾ Q]
18	Mo	Virginia Dare, 1st child of English parents, born, 1587.
19	Tu	It should have been easy for Buddha to be a
20	We	philosopher *on such a full stomach*.
21	Th	Most of the clever remarks in this calendar are stolen
22	Fr	from Dorothy Taylor who lives in Paris & amuses the world.
23	Sa	More Episcopal Presidents than any other denomination. [N ♍ M]
24	Su	But the Rockefellers are Baptists. *All a matter of taste*.
25	Mo	33,000,000 hopeful boys & girls in Sunday School anyway.
26	Tu	Time to order bulbs for Fall planting.
27	We	New Amsterdam surrendered to English, 1644, & became N. Y.
28	Th	The flesh of man contains only half the sodium
29	Fr	that is in pig's flesh.
30	Sa	*Begin cleaning oyster forks*. [F ☽ Q]
31	Su	Hottest place on the earth is Azizia, Tripoli. 136.4 d. Fah.

For a hot August day, there is nothing more refreshing than a tub-luncheon. The hostess, however, should consult her husband as to the seating arrangements.

AUGUST

THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE

by BURTON RASCOE

MEMORIES of a Thousand Nights in Manhattan: Of trekking through two feet of snow in John Street one December night with a lovely lady for venison steak and candied sweet potatoes at Farrish's.

Of standing in the center of Brooklyn bridge in a drizzling rain on an October evening at 5 P.M., and watching the lights twinkle in the windows of downtown skyscrapers and the pall of gray mist give way to gradually darkening shadows.

Of seeing John Dos Passos dancing a saraband while balancing a tall floor lamp on top of his head at a studio in Fifty-seventh Street one New Year's Eve and F. Scott Fitzgerald inquiring every few minutes, "Are you going to pieces? Are we all going to pieces?"

On being on a party that motored out to Rye Beach at 3 o'clock one summer morning for a dip in the Sound; of our being shaken down for $40 by a cop who pretended that he was going to arrest us for invading private property, and of Jimmy Whittaker in white flannel trousers perched on the spare tires and, spotted and soiled with dirt as he was, meeting the boat that morning that was bringing back from Europe his then wife, Ina Claire, who burst out laughing when she saw him.

Of tipping back too far in my chair while at dinner with Harry Payne Burton at the Plaza, losing my balance, and disappearing heels over head behind the velvet hangings, much to the amazement of the other diners, my host, the waiters, and myself.

Of listening to Gershwin play the Rhapsody in Blue for the first time with Paul Whiteman's orchestra before a vast and excited audience at Carnegie Hall on the night that jazz first invaded that austere temple of classical music.

Of being roused out of bed at 2 o'clock in the morning by Charles MacArthur and Sidney Howard, the playwright, and Walter Howey, the newspaper editor, and taken by them to the Hungarian restaurant on

Second Avenue to listen to the fine small orchestra there and to the soloist on the zymbolium.

Of dancing on the roof of the Pennsylvania hotel to the strains of Lopez' orchestra and of having ices on the terrace that looks out over the granite expanse of the Pennsy station and the shimmering Hudson beyond and below.

Of reading proof on my stuff and drinking coffee in a one-arm lunch room at 1 o'clock in the morning in Nassau Street.

Of being persuaded by E. E. Cummings, the poet, at my house one evening that he could get a dozen of us past the ticket-taker at a benefit ball at the Hotel Roosevelt, and of his being mistaken and it costing me 60 bucks.

Of watching Charles Hansen Towne, dressed up as fat and forlorn Marguerite, and George Chappell, dressed up as a comical Faust, singing a burlesque opera composed at a stag party at the Coffee House club.

Of eating scrambled eggs and sausages at midnight in the Forty-second Street Childs with Frank Crowninshield, the gourmet, after a Dutch Treat club show, and talking about modern painting.

Of listening to the droll anecdotes, mainly on himself, of Hendrik Van Loon all evening over a marble top table in the basement dining room of the Brevoort.

Of hearing W. C. Fields, the comedian, tell his famous story of the wine connoisseur at a supper one night at Philip Goodman's, and of seeing Sinclair

Lewis, H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser shake so convulsively in a long fit of laughter that poor Fields could not tell another story he began repeatedly, because they could not get done laughing over the first.

Of Joseph Kerrigan singing London music hall ballads at a party at Ernest Boyd's and of Boyd singing "Hit's the Rich What Gets the Pleasure, Hit's the Poor What Gets the Blime."

Of hearing Laurence Stallings read the first act of "What Price Glory?" while we consumed quarts of lemonade one evening, and of Stallings' doubts as to whether the play would be on the boards for more than one night.

Of going to the burlesque show of the National Winter Garden in Houston Street with Rollin Lynde Hartt and afterward going to the apartment of the prima donna, where we met her husband and she made a vast quantity of the best spaghetti I ever ate and we drank Chianti to wash it down.

Of having or trying to have a long serious discussion of poetry with Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, in his box one night at a riotous Greenwich Village ball in Webster Hall, when we were both edged, and all the while a pandemonium going on among costumed and very scantily costumed revelers on the dance floor below.

Of listening to Helen Westley's disillusioned witticisms, uttered in a sepulchral voice in Carl Van Vechten's Gramercy flat.

Of seeing Rose Rolando dance a Spanish dance at

Bob Chanler's; of being refused admittance with a party at the Montmarte because my party was not in evening dress; of being thrilled and deafened by the applause at the opening night of "An American Tragedy"; of reading "Lord Jim" on the subway after leaving my work at 4 in the morning; of taking the ferry across the river for some seidels of good beer in company with Antonio de Sanchez, H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser and Ernest Boyd; of being bored at the famous Earl Carroll's girl-in-the-bathtub party; of looking out over the roof tops of the city from my study in my old apartment in Ninety-sixth Street, and seeing the lights in the Metropolitan tower, a search-light playing across the sky and the Queensborough bridge, black, huge, and majestic.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

New York editors do not believe H. L. Mencken. Eight S. F. poets go to work.

Mayor Rolph compares height of City Hall dome with S. S. Malolo set on end. Three reporters refer to Rolph as "Smiling Jimmy"; two others as "our perpetual Mayor."

Morning paper institutes campaign to reduce auto accidents. Outline drawings show automobile representing auto deaths in S. F. to be much larger than drawing representing deaths in Point Pleasant, N. J.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR AUGUST

JOHN MACY

August 3. HESPERIDES AND NOBLE NUMBERS. By Robert Herrick.

A chirp for summer by the most engaging and naïvely lovely voice of the seventeenth century choir. There is magic in his artfully artless simplicity.

August 10. RICHARD FEVEREL. By George Meredith.

The first masterpiece (1859) of a novelist and poet who alone is enough to destroy the absurd notion that there is such a thing as "Victorianism."

August 17. AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Benjamin Franklin.

A candid and simple account of the first part of Franklin's long life. One wishes that he had carried it through the later period of storm and stress. It is a perfect revelation of character, of Franklin's combination of grave dignity and humorous common sense.

August 24. THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang.

Every household in which there are children from seven to seventy should have the whole multicolored series of the Lang Fairy books, Red, Green, Yellow, Pink.

August 31. THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD. By A. S. Eddington.

This book by an eminent man of science is so written that an ordinary person can understand it. It might be read together with Bertrand Russell's OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD. The two books will give the layman all he needs to know about the interesting and perplexing world we live in. And they are more thrilling company for these vacation days than most fiction.

August 10th is Mr. Hoover's birthday. The Farmers will make it a happy one.

"LADDIE BOY"

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

Humorist, humanist, poet: a debonair ringmaster, whose whip has inspired the American language to perform extraordinary feats.

So look, Uncle Frank—it's this way, don't you see?
Everybody was always talkin' to me
How I should take the kid to Hollywood.
They sent me clippin's from the magazines,
And stories from the papers, all about
The life of ease them movie kiddies led.
And "Look at Laddie Boy—just look at him.
Look at them big brown eyes!", they'd keep on sayin',
"And that there smile, so sad but also gay-like—
He's a dead ringer for Davey Lee and Coogan,
The both of 'em—and still he's different, too."

My Laddie is, all right. Wait till you see him.
A reg'lar doll, and yet he's a hunderd per cent
Real boy—mischievious, know what I mean?
But the winnin' ways he's got, you can't have the heart
To stay sore at him for more'n a coupla minutes.
He's got a personality, that's it.
He was just born for the movies, like they said.

But where could we get the money to take him West?
There I was, breakin' my backbone washin',
And George, the dirty louse, boozin' away,
Drinkin' his wages up, and graftin' mine,
And beatin' me most the time, and always swearin'
He'd kill me if I ever took a sneak.

He meant it, too. And all the time, me knowin'
That Laddie was bein' robbed of a sure chance
For fame and fortune, and a life of ease. . . .

So all the time I read the movie-news,
And thought and schemed. And also all the time
I was keepin' up the insurance premiums
On George. Two dollars a month I had to pay.
It was for seven hundred. So one night
George come home after bein' away a week,
And he was worst soused than I ever seen him.
And so he knocked me down, and then he seen Laddie,
And Laddie was cryin' and sayin', "Don't you dast
To hit my Ma!" . . . So George, he just hauled off
And hit my Laddie right smack in the face,
And knocked him all the way acrost the room. . . .
I thought for a coupla minutes he was killed. . . .

Well, George passed out in a while, and slept two hours.
Then he waked up, and started in to yell.
He had the D.T.'s. . . . So the doctor says
Don't let that man get hold of another drink,
He's got the alcoholic poisonin',
And if he drinks another drop right now,
He'll die as sure as sure. . . .

And so I set
Thinkin' all night about the dirty brute,
And how he had hit me, and especially Laddie,
And prob'ly any time now he might kill Laddie
If he got on another terrible drunk.

So George come to, and started yellin' for licker.
So I remembered what the doctor said,
And I found some rotten whiskey George had hid
In the clothes closet, and I give it to him.
So George died. . . .

So then I took my Laddie to Hollywood,
And it was like a dream, the way it worked.
One of them castin' directors put me in touch
With a man name Eppstein, was a actor's agent.
Eppstein, he made a contract about Laddie,
That he should get him jobs, and what I promised,
I should give Eppstein ten per cent, three years. . . .

So right away, the baby gets a test,
And then he gets a little job in a picture.
There was three other boys, and a little girl;
But Laddie made a monkey out of them.
He worked three days, for fifteen dollars a day,
And even said some words, and they was crazy
About the way he looked, and how he talked. . . .

Then Eppstein, he comes to the house, and says,
"Didn't I say the kid's a natural?
Excelsior films is crazy about him, see?
So, here's a contract that they're offerin'!
Two hunderd berries a week for the first year,
Three hunderd the second year, and then a option
For four—but I ain't givin' but two years.
Your Laddie Boy is off for fame and fortune,
And so are you, and so am I, because
Then we begin to shoot for the heavy dough! . . ."

I was so happy that I cried two hours.
At last—at last! All of my dreams come true!

Then I went to his room, and looked at him.
There he was, like a little combination
Angel and imp, and his lashes on his cheek,
So beautiful! And smilin' in his sleep.
You never seen such a boy in all your life—
Such a real, human boy! . . .

I sat there all night long, till it was day,
Tryin' to figure it out. . . . And so I found
They was a mornin' train to Omaha,
And the money he made those three days was enough
For a ticket—and somethin' over if you won't
Let us stay here. . . . And so we took the train. . . .

Leave us stay with you in Omaha, Uncle Frank!
I'm awful afraid to go back to Chicago—
I'm so afraid that Mr. Eppstein will find us!
He'll drag us to Hollywood! It goes without sayin'
He don't want to lose such a big money-maker
Like Laddie Boy would be. . . . And I signed the paper;
I'd have to let him use the kid—if he finds him.

I'll take care of the house, I'll do the washin',
I'll scrub the floors, I'll cook and wait on table—
Only help me to save my Laddie Boy!

If you could only see them movie kids!
If you could listen to 'em! Laddie's got
A right to grow up like a human boy,
And turn into a reg'lar human man!
Them little apes around the studios! . . .

You wouldn't believe that things could be like them!
Fresh and stuck-up, and always braggin' and posin'—
Struttin' around and lookin' into the glass—
Just little punks, that'll grow to be big punks,
Or sissies! . . .

You seen the Singer's Midgets? That's what I mean.
Hard-boiled, and like they never was a child—

And the hours, workin' 'em way into the night,
Breakin' the rules and all the labor laws. . . .

To hell with fame—yes, and to hell with fortune!
I want my Laddie Boy, that's real, and gentle,
Sweet, and mischievious—and genuwine! . . .
Look, Uncle Frank—I'll go and bring him in.
You'll see what I been sayin'—oh, you'll see!
And, for God's sake, please help me! Never talk
About the movies—tell him he ain't good-lookin'—
Make out you think he'd be a rotten actor!
I'm goin' to! I got to! We can save him! . . .

Oh, Uncle Frank—God bless you! Oh, God bless you! . . .

Look—I'll go get him. . . .

THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

by DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Who goes on talking without a change of expression when you upset a glass of water in his lap, whose irrepressible and original sense of humor survived four years at Yale, who is even more delightful in real life than he is on the stage or in his books.

I MIGHT begin by saying that the outlook for the American theatre in 1930 was never darker and, at the same time, I might say that never has the outlook for the American theatre in 1930 seemed brighter. These two statements, which seem to conflict, may need

some explanation and I am minded of the story my grandfather often used to tell—a story which unfortunately cannot be printed here—but, like that unfortunate Yankee, there are "two sides to the question."

Take, for example, acting. Those of us who knew and loved Booth (and I do not, of course, refer to John Wilkes Booth, who, incidentally, is still alive and teaching astronomy in a small college in the middle West) are becoming more and more disgusted with the tendency of producers towards what they are pleased to term "realism." But what, you may ask, is "realism"? Realism on the stage (which is not to be confused with realism in public life or realism in hotels with room and bath from $3.00 up) consists in projecting before the subconscious eye of the over-audience the ideology inherent in the *ding-an-sich* or scene-content. Let me explain. Suppose that you are a producer. A playwright (b) comes to you with a play. It is a play about "society" people (g). "Alors," you say. "Instead of getting actors for these parts, I will get real society people themselves. What do you think?" "It sounds all right," says the playwright, "only my name isn't 'Alors.'" So they go ahead and produce the play with people recruited from real life who do not "act" but simply "are" the parts. That is what I mean by "realism" and I have nothing against it, except that supposing you are a producer (m) and an author comes to you with a play about a man who falls in love with a horse named Gypsy. Where, if I may ask, are you going to find a man who *is* that character—and if you

do, aren't you throwing out of employment hundreds of actors who have been practising all their lives to take just such parts? Yes, to both questions.

So much for acting in 1930, which brings us to that other great menace, the so-called "talking picture." When Edison (not to be confused with John Wilkes Edison) invented the vacuum cleaner in those early carefree days of '72 he probably did not have the slightest idea that that invention was some day to lead to the projection upon a screen of figures from whose lips came sounds more or less resembling human speech. Did you, Edison? Did you? Well, answer me.

No, my friends, the theatre has come upon dark days and I, for one, am no Gideon to lead you out of Gomorrah. I like a good play as well as the next one (my mother remembers seeing Fanchon the Cricket in something or other, or maybe my mother remembers seeing something or other in "Fanchon the Cricket"). But I will say this—that the instinct to play is rooted very, very deeply in human nature and as long as we have men and women who react naturally to the stimulus of tears, laughter, pathos, love, hunger, etc., we shall have some sort of theatre or other, call it what you will. And as long as we have the theatre we shall never be known as a theatreless nation.

THE YEAR TWO

by JOHN S. MARTIN, JR.

Editor of Time, *an observer of life and politics in America, quoting less often than he is quoted, a sportsman who misses fewer ducks than he hits.*

THE present political position of the U. S. is so delicate, so confused, yet so instructive, that a political almanacker's best course in foretelling U. S. politics for 1930 seems to be to proceed by indirection and recall from the political history of another country certain circumstances and developments which were precisely analogous to modern U. S. affairs and which, to the present almanacker's positive knowledge, have never yet been recorded.—ED.

The Year One, as every one knows, began on that rainy day in March when Gulliver was inaugurated President of the Lilliputians. It was the first time since a legendary figure whom the Lilliputians called The-Father-of-His-Country, that the country had had a superhuman president who not only towered above the citizens in mental stature but whose moral grandeur was such that all Specific Issues, all Burning Questions, and even a great many Party Ties, were dwarfed, extinguished, sundered and forgotten. After the election, the citizens had sat back happily to await the miracles which they felt sure Gulliver would perform

immediately upon entering office. After the inauguration they sat up and tried to comprehend his conduct.

The biggest thing that he had promised to do was improve the condition of those Lilliputians who lived in the country and tilled the soil and produced the food of all. President Gulliver called all the people's representatives together specially, but in return for their letting him choose a committee of wise men to tell the soil-tillers how to proceed, he had to let the representatives tinker the Tariff, a politically explosive device which in a large degree controlled Lilliputia's cost of living.

In addition, Gulliver had promised to enquire seriously into the use of alcohol in Lilliputia. A law had been passed against it some years prior to his arrival. Actually, no one took the law seriously. People who wanted to drink drank. People who did not want people to drink made good livings telling other people who felt the same way how awful it was. Gulliver, however, took the alcohol law's predicament so seriously that he deemed it necessary to conduct a searching investigation into the status of *all* the laws. That brought him into ridicule by the alcoholics, it annoyed the anti-alcoholics, and it embarrassed a lot of people who had been breaking a lot of the other laws without any one's particularly minding. Gulliver gave it out as his opinion that *any* law, while it was a law, should be obeyed, especially a law so noble in motive as the anti-alcoholic one. It was a perfectly defensible position in logic. But from earliest times it had been the

Lilliputians' custom to break laws they did not like until they could get them changed or forgotten. This custom had been Lilliputia's prime excuse for hymning itself as a "sweet land of Liberty" and "the home of the free, the land of the brave."

Before the end of the Year One, many an observer discerned that no great portion of Lilliputia really cared much about anything except having a moderately good time. But not Gulliver. He was an idealist in a slow-going way. He pushed ahead with his plans, his reforms. The result was that the Year Two (the year analogous to A.D. 1930 in the U. S.) was a year of confusion even greater than the Year One, and of acrimony none the less bitter for being aged. After a year's familiarity with Gulliver, a lot of people became, if not contemptuous, badly bored. His ideas for them were so grand, his speeches so grave and depressing, that the Lilliputians began to wish the country would get into a war for excitement. But Gulliver, thorough soul, had the foreign relations of the country in such seraphic state that he was actually persuading other great nations to beat their warships into common shares. A civil war for excitement would have been a relief to a lot of people, but Gulliver's commission on law enforcement had acted as such a civil anesthetic that no one cared about blackguarding or engaging his neighbor while there was the common enemy to fight, Boredom. The commission paid scant attention to one of the country's laws which had been disregarded for two generations, a law permitting people to vote regardless of the color of their skin. But

Gulliver, consistent creature, paid attention to this law and allowed his wife to fulfill her obligation toward blackamoor citizens by having one of their wives to tea at the White House (the President's residence). Also he himself gave aid in the blackamoor districts to the upbuilding of the political party which valued the blackamoor's vote. This happened to be the political party which had elected Gulliver. Thus it was that Gulliver stepped down from his pedestal into the political arena.

The elections in the Year Two of new representatives of all the people were remarkable for the way so many of the Lilliputians who had voted for Gulliver only twenty-four months prior, swung away from supporting him. He was voted against by soil-tillers, alcoholics, anti-alcoholics, nationalists, anti-blackamoorists, and a great many small-but-hard-headed business men who decided that Gulliver's grandeur had more nimbus than nucleus, less ambrosia than ambition.

The suspicion, in fact, that began to permeate Lilliputia in the Year Two was that Gulliver was not superhuman after all, but just impressionable to superiority. Superiority is subjective; superhumanity is something every one concedes.

That was what was the matter with Gulliver's commissions on Enforcing the Law, Relieving the Farmer, Economizing the Government, etc., etc., etc., which he appointed in the Year One to function in the Year Two, and thereafter for no one knew how long. Long before the end of the Year One people perceived

that Gulliver fully intended to be President for the eight years which the Lilliputian Constitution allowed. They felt his presence as a perfector more than as a personality, which accounted for the cooling of his popularity in the Year Two. People do not like to be perfected and Gulliver's schemes were vast. Moreover, in "public life," as it was called then, he duplicated the tactics of the prizefighters of that time and withdrew into a cornered position of inaction when attacks came up, rather than beat down the attacks by positive action. It had been said of his predecessor, a quiet man, that "No news was good news," because that President had said "No" judiciously and often. Gulliver was constrained first by his idealism and later by his ambition never to say "No," but, "I hope so." It was this vagueness, this meatless optimism which helped bring on the great tariff fight of the Year One with its bitter aftermath in the Year Two.

As during the running of the Brown Derby (the year Gulliver was elected) the sensitiveness of the nerve communicating with the people's pockets was Gulliver's greatest advantage. For despite political confusion the land continued prosperous and the Lilliputians clung to an old superstition that their own enterprise and industry was created by the man whom they elected to preside over them.

Another thing which contributed indirectly to Gulliver's good reputation was the nature of the man whom the Lilliputians had elected Vice President. In case anything happened to Gulliver this man would

take his place. No sooner had this Vice President taken office than he changed from the amiable, hard-working Senator he had been, into a pompous little man with a socially conspicuous sister. He had little to do but sit in his office surrounded by flowers and adulation, to attend horse races which he liked because he had once been a jockey himself. During the election he had seemed a romantic figure because in his veins ran some blood of Lilliputia's aborigines. In office his aboriginality vanished with his increasingly apparent ambition, shared and promoted militantly by his sister, to be President after Gulliver.

Where the Year One had been fat with promise, the Year Two was therefore great with problems. Gulliver felt himself being bound to earth more and more by the demands and dickering of the little people about him. He sought to elevate himself and the Lilliputians by talking about his assistants in the Government as "new patriots" dedicated to a noble endeavor. But he found himself talking over the little people's heads, for the most part. Even those whom he had picked up in his hand during the election to appraise, flatter and use, seemed to lose their zealous affection after he had set them down and turned his ponderous attention to the state's affairs. His immutable silence, his inability to speak the Lilliputian language, his confidence in things mysterious (to Lilliputians) and his distrust of himself in touching a people among whom he had never before lived, all approached a pitiable stage wherein Gulliver dared not depart from the routine set down

by successful Presidents before him. Thus the Year Two came to a close on a low note and Gulliver thus began to feel—as a great statesman named Napoleon once said all statesmen must feel—lonely. And the people, as is their wont, having found and chosen their leader, began to look around for a new one.

COMMONEST SURNAMES IN U. S.

1.	Smith	1,304,300
2.	Johnson	1,024,200
3.	Brown	730,500
4.	Williams	684,700
5.	Jones	658,300
6.	Miller	625,800
7.	Davis	537,900
8.	Anderson	477,300
9.	Wilson	422,300
10.	Moore	363,400

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A COOK'S TOURIST

Place in the hands of the cooks some large green country bumpkins. Stir in a little salt water taffy. Steep in China tea, or Java coffee, add a dash of Indian relish, sweeten with a little Turkish delight. When well mixed and done to a crisp, serve up in some old port.

A Shoemaker's Bill

The following bill of a pair of shoes was sent by a shoemaker to an attorney, who had been employed by him, in a matter in controversy, but who had done nothing effectually for him.

(1780) Timothy Termfee, Esq., to Samuel Snob, Dr.

Nov.		£	s.	d.
1.	Attending at your chamber, consulting and advising on your intended pair of shoes		6	8
3.	Attending you again, when your Honour did not come to any determination what sort of shoes I should make for you		6	8
6.	The like attendance		6	8
9.	Attendance again at your chamber, when I found you were gone to the Lord Mayor's show		6	8
12.	Attending your Honour, when you determined to wear nothing but best black grain; and taking your measure accordingly		13	4
13.	Attending you again, when you informed me, that, as there were no proper crossings in the new pavement for foot-passengers, you had determined to have strong wax leather, instead of black grain; and taking your instructions accordingly		6	8
14.	Borrowing your Honour's last to make them on..		3	4
16.	Attending you four different times, consulting and advising on the last, &c.		13	4
20.	Cutting out the shoes		3	4
24.	To mine and my foreman's attendance for three days, making enquiry for a good craft, when we found one with great difficulty	1	10	0
26.	To three several attendances to fit them on, when your Honour was not at home	1	0	0
28.	Attending twice this day to try them on—but they did not fit		13	4
	Drawing out this bill, and a fair copy		2	2
		6	12	0

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—AUGUST

by EDWARD HOPE

There is nothing so good, either for child or parent, on a sultry August afternoon, as a good sound spanking of the one by the other. A spanking establishes an intimacy between the elder and younger generations that can be achieved in no other way. It releases pent-up feelings on both sides and brings about a relaxation that is invaluable in humid hot weather. Too much spanking, however, is frowned upon by modern child psychologists, and the chastisement should be saved up until late in the afternoon, when it will serve to penalize the child for all the infractions of rules of the day.

Prickly heat is one of August's gifts to the human race, and should be treated with fortitude on both sides, as prickly heat usually occurs on both sides. Frequent applications of plenty of dry dusting powder makes prickly heat look more attractive, but the best treatment is a cooler climate, which may usually be found a few hundred miles further to the north.

Sunburn, too, may be counted upon to reach its full flower in August. For sunburn, I recommend a good sticky lotion which will make the sheets adhere to the burned areas and teach the child a good lesson about moderation in everything. The bright side of the sunburn curse is the fact that stripping off the burned-up outer layers of skin provides a child with entertainment for many dull hours and relieves the parent of the task of finding more artificial amusements.

It is a wise father who knows his own child will do everything he is told not to.—Mr. Hope

SEPTEMBER BEGINS *on* MONDAY—*hath* 30 *days*

Adieu! ye damask roses, which remind
The maiden fair-one, how her charms decay;
Ye rising blasts, oh! leave some mark behind,
Some small memorial of the sweets of May.

The Sign of Libra ♎ —*An Ode.*

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, *Prophecies*, &c.
1	Mo	Labor Day.
2	Tu	Great fire of London, 1666.
3	We	355,481 Indians in U. S.
4	Th	The *Philomenus* was born on this day many years ago.
5	Fr	Dr. D. A. Laird says: *The shorter the skirts, the louder the noise.*
6	Sa	A clever woman always knows what a man wants!
7	Su	from her . . . *but a wise one always waits & lets him ask for it.*
8	Mo	Begin to get little Mary & Willie ready for school. [F ♉ M]
9	Tu	Admission Day in Calif. *How about Florida?*
10	We	What *has* happened to Leopold & Loeb? Sent up 6 yrs. ago.
11	Th	Battle of Brandywine lost, 1777. It set a precedent.
12	Fr	*Just missed* Friday the 13th again.
13	Sa	First Yale College commencement, 1702.
14	Su	Isadora Duncan killed, 1927. Aged 47.
15	Mo	William H. Taft born, 1857. *Off with the straw bonnet.* [L ☾ Q]
16	Tu	Mexican Independence Day. Battle of Harlem Hgts., 1776.
17	We	Look for high winds if wood or the wainscot crack much.
18	Th	Mississippi still leading lynching contest.
19	Fr	And Wyoming in death rate from strong drink.
20	Sa	Bargaining hath neither friends nor relatives.
21	Su	Savonarola born, 1452.
22	Mo	Wild Animals kill 24,000 persons a year in Idaho; [N ● M]
23	Tu	Autumnal equinox, 1:37 P.M. *Rosh Hashona.* [or is it India?
24	We	Goods & chattels organized for moving. [*808,000 Elks.*
25	Th	There are more than 120,000,000 rats in U. S., *but only about*
26	Fr	Obviously each Elk owns 148 rats.
27	Sa	Look out for FROSTS.
28	Su	Daylight Saving ends, 2 A.M.
29	Mo	Michaelmas. Queen Elizabeth ate a goose, 1588. Cannibalism!
30	Tu	College is a sedentary habit. [F ☽ Q]

A September vacation in the country has infinite possibilities.

SEPTEMBER

NEW YORK CREDO, SERIES I

by BURTON RASCOE

WITH a bow to George Jean Nathan's learned work, "The American Credo," I submit the following items toward a complete credo of the average New Yorker as distinct from the credo of residents of other cities:

1. That Philadelphia is so dull and slow a town that the average citizen there doesn't know the Civil War is over yet.

2. That the residents of Boston live exclusively on

beans and codfish and that even street-car conductors and coal heavers there use five syllable words and talk like a page out of Emerson's Essays.

3. That bandits with machine guns every day race up and down Michigan Avenue and State Street in Chicago, killing off large numbers of the inhabitants.

4. That Kalamazoo, Michigan, which is a great manufacturing city, must, because of its name, be a jerk-water town.

5. That Texans and Oklahomans all wear chaps and sombreros and carry two pistols in holsters on the outside of their clothes.

6. That there is a daily lynching in every city in the south, but because of influence, the fact doesn't get into the newspapers.

7. That the movie colony at Hollywood is entirely given over to debauchery, with champagne revels and nude dancing at dozens of parties every night.

8. That the patrons of New York night clubs are exclusively out-of-town buyers who are painting the town red on company expense accounts.

9. That all the head-waiters in New York hotels are millionaire apartment house owners from money received in tips.

A melancholy Man is one that keeps the worst Company in the World, namely, his own; and though he be always falling out and quarreling with himself, yet he has not Power to endure any other Conversation. His Soul lives in his Body, like a Mole in the Earth, that labours in the Dark.

10. That the only people who ever go to the Aquarium, the Bronx Zoo, the Woolworth tower, the Statue of Liberty, or the Metropolitan Museum are hicks.

11. That because the subway trains roar so much they are fast. (N.B. The fastest subway express trains never go over twenty-six miles an hour, which is about eight miles an hour slower than the elevated trains of Chicago.)

12. That mosquitoes grow as big as jay-birds in New Jersey.

13. That the residents of Milwaukee have never heard of Prohibition and that beer saloons, serving the finest brew, run openly there in all parts of the city.

14. That all the elderly males in Louisville, Ky., were colonels in the Civil War, wear long white mustaches and white Stetson hats, and say "suh" every other word.

15. That the Creole ladies of New Orleans are something like the hotsie-totsie negro entertainers in Harlem dives, only better looking.

16. That all the blind beggars on the streets of New York have excellent eyesight and at the end of the day's work drive home in limousines.

17. That the president of a bank in Kansas City or the head of a manufacturing plant in Detroit is flattered if you pretend to him that, instead of living in New York, you would much prefer to be slopping the pigs on a farm in the middle west, implying that that

is the occupation normally engaged in by the banker or manufacturer.

18. That there are no flies or mosquitoes on Manhattan island.

19. That people who have mansions on Fifth Avenue never live there.

20. That all of the Japanese students (and Chinese, Siamese, and Malay students also) are Japanese spies.

21. That the pictures published in the tabloids are always authentic.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

Two more freak newspaper stories appear re Seal Rocks being denuded for vaudeville.

Captain Robert Dollar addresses Freshman Class at Mills College on subject of foreign trade. Tells story about how he made Los Angeles build that harbor.

Chief of Police Professor returns to take up his duties in Berkeley. "CHI TOO TOUGH FOR SAVANT COP."

1174 tourists return from Hawaii. Five newspaper photographers come down with sore throat from repeating, "Cross the legs just *a little more, please," and, "Now bend forward a* little *more, please, to show the, er, leis."*

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR SEPTEMBER

JOHN MACY

September 7. PRIMA DONNA. By Pitts Sanborn.

The story of an opera singer by a distinguished music critic who combines his technical knowledge with understanding of character.

September 14. LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. By Thomas Malory.

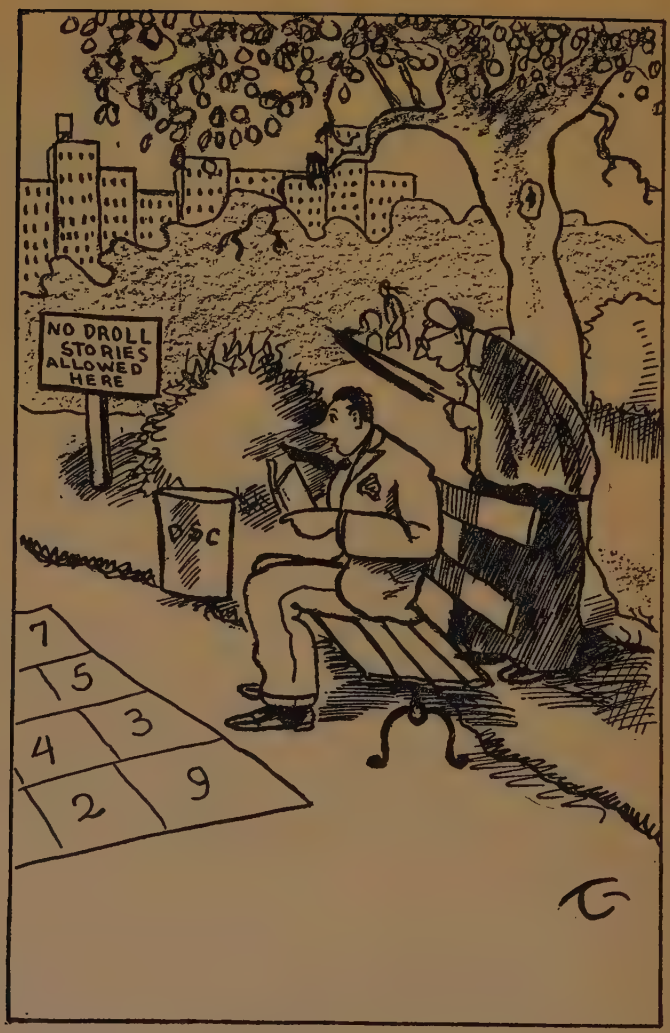
The classic translation in English of the French Arthurian romances. Thoroughly readable and especially interesting as an early example of English prose that approaches the modern.

September 21. SWANN'S WAY. By Marcel Proust.

An English translation of one section of the French writer's vast book, A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU (which may be badly rendered as IN QUEST OF BYGONE TIMES). Proust wrote at his own sweet will without regard to public, publishers, or the way any one else had written, developing an idea at as great length as pleased him. It is just this freedom that made him a new and original artist.

September 28. LAUS VENERIS and Other Poems and Ballads. By Swinburne.

This is the volume that startled England in 1866. In a long productive life Swinburne wrote much as good as the poems in this volume but he never surpassed them.



September 10th is the birthday of a prominent member of the Watch and Ward Society. She will celebrate the day with a little field work. (It is rumored she was born early in the morning, but states emphatically she did not pose for September Morn.)

VIOLIN

by ALFRED STANFORD

Who divides his leisure between writing books that no one should miss, and looking for a mermaid with jewels in her tail.

LIKE all almanack readers, I confess to a curiosity about the future, and to a special liking for that part of the future which I can construct out of the materials of the past or the present. I suppose each person must have his special loved thing, about which his dreams weave their winter cocoons. In my case, it is a boat.

To begin with, she is named *Prima.* To the very initiate, I confide its meaning. It directly defies the first law of the sea—women and children first! In the case of this broad-hulled Cape Ann sloop, it's the boat first—let all catch as catch can, after she's safe.

Well, this fall, I sailed her in to the shoal water by the beach, where her cradle lay submerged, waiting for her to haul out for the winter. That morning was blue, and the sea stretched far. The water was calm and clear. The air, new with the morning. Simple things, mayhap, these. Trifling accidents of a universe. But I had been sailing all night in my ship, and she was very sweet to look at from the shelf of the beach where I sat, waiting for the tide to come in.

The little ship looked happy after our run through

the star-filled night. She looked as though she still felt the clean solitude of that deep night about her mast, the wash of the night waves at her bow.

As I sat on the beach, three experts from the shipyard up the Saugatuck passed by. After I took my pipe out of my mouth to reply to their greeting, I put it back again, and hoped they'd go on. But they engaged me in conversation.

"So that's the craft you came down in from the Cape?"

I grunted.

"Going to haul her out for the winter?"

I nodded.

"All by yourself?"

"With whoever happens to be around when the tide's in," I admitted.

The larger man of the three offered casually, "How's that new keel do, that you put into her? I'll bet you can't work her to windward in a sea."

"I just came West all the way from Falmouth, and we've had nothing but westerly wind," I answered.

"She hasn't enough lateral plane," offered one of the hitherto silent experts. "She's too beamy for her lateral plane."

"So," I replied, perhaps betraying my hurt feelings by the quavering indifference of my tone.

"Well," sighed the third, taking a long look at her, "she certainly has a lot of personality!"

As the three experts ambled on their way down the beach, I made a silent promise to the *Prima*—more

lead on her bottom, and a new suit of sails for 1930. And a genuine promise to clean out her bilge!

I had another idea. The next time Casals played, I'd walk up to him and say, "That cello, Mr. Casals, is too beamy. I'll bet she won't go to windward."

THE TERRIBLE TREND OF SPORT

by W. O. McGEEHAN

The man of sport who can tell you what will happen before it does, who can tell you what has happened so vividly that you think you were there, who is always serious enough to be interesting and never serious enough to be boring.

HEAVY earthquake shocks will be felt on the east coast during the middle of the year. They will be of California intensity but will be confined to a cemetery in the State of Massachusetts. Geologists will figure that these will be caused by John L. Sullivan rolling over in his grave.

Investigating further into the causes they find that the rolling motion will be caused by the fact that a German is due to be heavyweight champion of the world. History has recorded that the fervent prayer of Mr. Sullivan at the time he was overcome by adipose and James J. Corbett was, "Thank God that he is an American." The fact that Max Sigfriend Adolf

Otto Schmeling is heavyweight champion will not be listed in the presidential call for Thanksgiving in November.

During the period of mourning in cauliflower ear circles in the United States there will be dancing and singing in Unter den Linden. The new national anthem of the German Republic will be, "Deutchland uber Blumenkohlen," which is Germany over Cauliflowers.

The American cauliflower crop will be regarded as almost a total loss and prizefight promoters will be demanding the same relief—if any—that is extended the dirt farmers, cauliflower cultivation being the dirtiest farming there is. The Secretary of Agriculture is going to be in very bad.

Horticulturists have it figured out that the failure of the American cauliflower crop could be traced to a fungus pest originating in the Pineapple Belt in Chicago. Mr. Scarface Alphonse Capone, a pineapple grower of that section, will be out of jail but applying for readmission on the ground of good conduct while incarcerated.

In September the alibi crop in the ivory industry will break all records. The largest and most impressive collection of alibis will be coming from the New York Yankees. This will be due to an unseasonable trend to change the locale of the world series. Scientists attribute this to a change in the course of the Gulf Stream. Pronounced wets blame the shifting of the Gulf Stream to prohibition.

Manufacturers of baseballs see a certainty of their factories being kept up at full blast all winter because of the excessive home runs batted out during the season. The home run output has been such that there may not be enough baseballs on hand for the usual spring practice.

Senator Smoot of Utah recommends a high protective tariff on home runs. He blames the liveliness of the present day baseball to wool imported from Australia which is admitted under an insufficient duty. There is no duty on the rubber and cork used in baseball manufacture at present which makes the baseballs travel farther every time they are hit.

Extremists are contemplating having Babe Ruth restrained from hitting home runs for a period of one year in order that the infant industry of baseball manufacture may be given a chance to reach normalcy.

There will be labor troubles in the ivory industry in the Spring. This is the annual aggravated situation. Numbers of the athletes engaged in the national pastime will insist that they should get more money. All of the magnates will produce facts and figures to show that they should take much less. In the end both the players and the magnates will admit that they were wrong—or right—as the case may be.

The Old Grad will emerge from his hibernation in October and go roaring through the land until late in November when he will disappear growling in his lair. Old hunters and trappers say that the Old Grad of the coming season will be bigger and more ferocious than

ever before. Specimens have been trapped using bottles of bathtub gin for bait. But though the game wardens have been vigilant they have not found any trappers illegally taking Old Grads.

The Davis Cup will repose in France for two years more. Mr. William Tilden, 2nd, will announce his annual retirement. Mr. Robert Tyre Jones is reported as contemplating taking up golf, though the announcement has brought some bitter opposition from the citizens of Atlanta.

Next September it is probable that a strange craft bearing the unfamiliar name of Shamrock V, VI, or VII will be sighted off Newport. It will mean no good to the America's Cup, consequently it will be shelled or scuttled as soon as sighted. Shortly afterward Sir Thomas Lipton will submit a challenge.

In the meantime the New York Yacht Club will place the America's Cup in Davy Jones's Locker for safe keeping. Babe Ruth will hit two home runs, Helen Wills will win a tennis set, Robert Tyre Jones will make a birdie. The Eagle will strain a thorax screaming, and consternation will reign over the announcement that an attempt will be made to swim the English Channel.

COME ON, AMERICA!

It is England, old England, that has baked the biggest pie!—3½ tons; 16 feet long and 5 wide; a ton of potatoes; 4 bullocks; 1,120 lbs. of flour; 20,000 pie eaters. *Where is our national pride?*

Learn

FENCING AT HOME

When you go to a party, do you feel OUT OF THINGS? While others are playing the saxophone, discussing Euripides (in Greek) with the waiter, or "stepping out" to the strains of the latest polka or quadrille, what do YOU do? Why sit in a corner? Or maybe you don't go to parties? Upper or lower? Will you have mustard, or just the ham?

Anyway, you can easily earn from $10 to $15 a week, right at home, fencing for your neighbors.

Even if you don't make any money, you will easily make something else (as shown in Fig. I). And just think of all the fun!

November 31. By the author of Hammer Throwing and How To Do It. $.34.

WM. SORROW & CO. Bible House Alley

By Franklin Spier—An authority on advertising, subtle and ingenious, who could sell us anything from the hole in a doughnut to a residence site adjoining the Chicago stock yards. But he wouldn't.

THE VOGUE OF INSULT

by FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

Whose plays and verse have been amusing the élite for more than a decade, who has very definite ideas about life which she does not hesitate to express.

THE day of Freud is not the day of Chesterfield. This is obviously not the epoch of the polite phrase. We no longer strive to conceal opinion in flattering or in guarded utterance. When asked, we tell the truth—and when not asked, we tell even more of it.

Other times, other manners—and if in this age no manners at all, so much the better. One must, to live with satisfaction, be of one's day. It behooves us, in this year of 1930, to employ insult, since employ it we must, with art, as the followers of Lyly, in a different and more decorative period, cultivated, with the intention of pleasing, the euphuistic phrase.

To the social historian, the vogue of insult will not be difficult of chronological definition. He will find that it began about the time of Mr. Bernard Shaw's middle prefaces and was shortly thereafter given scientific sanction by the Viennese School. The English philosopher-dramatist, acknowledging his debt to Mr. Samuel Butler, gave eloquence to the discovery that the relation of the embryo to its forbears need constitute no bond of mutual respect and consideration. He

destroyed the family illusion, an idol which was already tottering and needed only this iconoclast to jerk it down. Mr. Shaw furnished the then younger generation many of its slogans, ushering in the period when it is really bad form to have any respect for the members of one's family if one can possibly avoid it—and since family life gives the opportunity for a certain intimate observation, one generally can.

Once the family myth was done, the rest was easy. Telling one's friends what one has actually suspected about them right along needs no recommendation as a modern after-dinner diversion. A slight acquaintance with the many contemporary books on human behaviour and the analysis of motives helps here. Yet they are scarcely needed, since who that calls himself educated is any longer ignorant of the basic scientific principle that behind the fair-seeming action lurks the vile intent! One expects in return for candor an explanation of one's own conflicts, but that's all right too. No well-equipped person of the present day goes about without his inferiority complex, and this mechanism operates as an absorber of insult with all the avidity of a sponge, leaving the rest of the peronality comparatively unscathed. One can, these days, be told that one's emotions about God are merely the result of inherent sexual depravity and two minutes afterwards light a Murad with nonchalance and proceed with the conversation.

Symptomatic of the age is the treatment of the nervous invalid or of the unfortunate afflicted with a

temporary let-down. Time was when the family physician would counsel tennis or a trip to Europe. Gently would the whiskered follower of Æsculapius condone with the patient and be soothing, patting her hand and applying soft tallow and potash to her psyche. Nowadays only a specialist can treat these human maladjustments—a specialist with a couch, because it is more efficacious to hurl insults at the patient when he is in a recumbent position and can't defend himself. Even after a night of hard and successful drinking, the best one can expect, on the confession of a natural suicidal impulse, is the advice to go ahead and do it, since your taking-off wouldn't mean an appreciable loss to the world anyway.

Self-insult is also the order of the day. The long autobiography furnishes the largest scope for self-calumny, but even in the short piece that abounds in the monthlies and the weeklies there is opportunity for the author to display himself the fool and the knave. Why give all one's money to the analysts, reason our astute intellectuals, when one can cash in on one's deficiencies in so honest and lucrative a fashion!

Why, too, traduce only the living! Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay might—and does these days—stop many a hole to keep the wind away. The canny among the publishers know that an enormous popular appetite for the insulting of the famous must be gratified, and the modern biographer emerges from the editorial conference a sadist and a wiser man.

Still, so cumulative has been competition in the di-

rect statement that the insult of even a decade ago no longer suffices to startle attention. The deleterious effects of the speeding-up process are especially apparent in the world of social intercourse, or what used to be called polite society. At the best tea or dinner-party it is unfortunately no longer possible to receive the attention for which the successful guest strives, by a bright reference to the venality of the host's grandfather or to the vacuum in his mother's head where the brains ought to be. A conversationalist who cannot produce at least one criminal in his family or expatiate wittily on some quaint insanity in his immediate forbears is apt to be left more or less out of the running. A nymphomaniac daughter of course helps, or some other type of aberration in a favorite child, provided it is pathologic enough to be of real interest.

Yet, despite notable advances in the art of candor, there are those who state that the technique of insult is still relatively crude and unperfected, and that it is capable of refinement in the same manner in which the brutal killings of the fourteenth century were developed into the subtle and important murders of the Borgias. The ambitious must remember, however, that time is not on their side, that implicit in any code of manners is the imminence of the reverse, and that, in the *mores*, we are continuous participators in mild revolution. Let the artists in insult flourish while they may. But let them be aware that the vogue of a new and more accomplished Chesterfield may not be far distant.

The frequent incursions of the Tartars, and other barbarous nations into Poland, probably forced the women sometimes to leave their children exposed to the woods, where we must suppose they were nursed by bears and wild beasts, otherwise it is difficult to account for their subsistence. It is certain such beings have been found in the woods both of Poland and Germany, divested of all the properties of humanity but the form; when taken they went on all fours.

NOTE: Some of them, perhaps, were Hessians; but, be that as it may, it is clear from the above, that we have more reason to expect kind usage and protection from bears and wild beasts, than from the powers of Great Britain.—*From a Revolutionary Almanack.*

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—SEPTEMBER

by EDWARD HOPE

To the average child (not that yours is average, of course, but these statistics are always interesting), September is a very trying month. It brings two psychic shocks and one physio-psychic unpleasantness, not to speak of the ordinary ills that may occur in any month.

In September, the child is brought home from the summer resort at which he has discovered all sorts of new and delightful games, most of them forbidden; he returns to school; and he gets hay-fever. Hay-fever is particularly dangerous to a child because it is not only uncomfortable physically, but also is an indignity, for there is a perverted idea current that the cold-in-the-head dialect and the sneeze that accompanies it are in some way comic. Hay-fever should be treated sympathetically by parents. I recommend complete isolation to avoid unseemly ridicule, and

the parents may include themselves in the list of those forbidden to see the patient if, as is not unlikely at the end of a hard summer, they are so inclined. The patient's room should be brightened by flowers, roses and goldenrod being particularly fresh and charming.

In treating the matter of the return to school, there is a danger that parents may develop undue enthusiasm at the prospect of passing some of the responsibility along to some one else. This should not be allowed to become evident to the child, who has woes of his own. Rather encourage him. A boy can be vastly heartened by a gift of a new spitball blow-pipe, for instance, and a girl by a year's subscription to a movie magazine, of a size suitable for reading inside a school book.

Under no circumstances ask a boy to wear an Eton collar or a girl to wear sensible shoes at the beginning of the school year.

The new-school method of persuading a child to study was worked out by those who observed what a dismal failure the old way made of educating his parents.—Mr. Hope

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A FAMILY DINNER

Take plenty of good old stock, made from the duck of an uncle and the goose of an aunt. Add the broth of a boy, some small fry, and fresh green things. Surround with some well-roasted chestnuts, several layers of toast, and serve. (The mixing is often the most difficult part, but stir well in an old oaken bucket with a silver spoon.)

OCTOBER BEGINS *on* WEDNESDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,
The sack distended marches to the mill.

♏

The Sign of Scorpio —*Old Almanack.*

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, *Prophecies*, &c.
1	We	Moving Day, & *I think* rain.
2	Th	Deepest hole in the world is 8,201 ft.—Orange Co., Cal. *Yom*
3	Fr	Polly Lauder Tunney is a calico bride today. [*Kippur.*
4	Sa	St. Francis of Assisi—*Beware of lightning.*
5	Su	Early morning mist with moon about full means fair weather.
6	Mo	Jenny Lind born, 1821.
7	Tu	*There goes the moon again!* See page xii. [F ♉ M]
8	We	Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked the bucket, 1871.
9	Th	Get your radio ready for the football season.
10	Fr	Frankness is too often a MASK for subtlety.
11	Sa	Ruth Elder left her husband, 1927.
12	Su	Columbus discovered Amer. 1492. *A dry jest better than none.*
13	Mo	Don't plant peonies too deep.
14	Tu	Battle of Hastings, 1066. Did Eng. become Fr., or Fr. become
15	We	Graf Zeppelin arrived in N. Y., 1928. [Eng? [L ☾ Q]
16	Th	Hudson River Day Line closes. Hunting season opened yester-
17	Fr	More than 8 million people have climbed Wash. Monument. [day.
18	Sa	*Indian Summer begins*, & it's 4 yrs. since Queen Marie of
19	Su	Edwin Bjorkman born, 1866. [Roumania began tour of U. S.
20	Mo	PAGO PAGO is the capital of Am. Samoa. Pop. 611.
21	Tu	The sun goes out . . . [N ● M]
22	We	but you won't see it! See page xii. *Burton Rascoe born, 1892.*
23	Th	A poet is a man who can take the clear waters of truth and
24	Fr	turn them into the red wine of song.
25	Sa	St. Crispin's Day. Tutelar saint of Shoemakers.
26	Su	Minnesota has MORE WATER than any other state.
27	Mo	Subway opened, N. Y., 1904.
28	Tu	*We remind you again of Adam's birthday.* (4004 B.C.)
29	We	Expect Cain's wife any time now. [F ☽ Q]
30	Th	*Time to lay in for winter.*
31	Fr	HALLOWEEN.

June brides start keeping house. She should see to it that her husband eats heartily, though persuasion may be necessary.

OCTOBER

NEW YORK CREDO, SERIES II

by BURTON RASCOE

ADDITIONS to the fallacies and superstitions that constitute the credo of the average New Yorker:

22. That the streets of Brooklyn are so crooked and so numerous that firemen on the way to a fire have to ask directions and that no native Brooklyner can help them out.

23. That all the residents of Brooklyn pronounce "early" as "oily" and "oily" as "early"; that they say "boids" for "birds," and "berl" for "boil."

24. That all the newspaper dramatic critics get together between the acts on the opening night of a show and agree among themselves whether they will pan or boost a show, and that any one of them will vote for giving the play a favorable review if the manager has sent him a bottle of Scotch or a box of cigars or if he has a crush on one of the actresses in the play.

25. That there are deaths every week from falling elevators in department stores, but that the matter is hushed up by the newspapers for fear that the stores will withdraw their advertising.

26. That all the men barbers and hairdressers in the women's beauty shops are sissies.

27. That in the basement of each of the Chinese restaurants in Mott and Pell streets there is an opium den, the evil-eyed proprietor of which has a white wife kidnapped from an aristocratic home in Fifth Avenue or Park Avenue.

28. That rich society women carry on affairs with their chauffeurs.

29. That none of the famous cartoonists draw the comics to which they sign their names and that the comics are really drawn by young geniuses who have no pull with the editors and who are willing to do the work for $15 a week.

30. That Irving Berlin buys all the songs he publishes under his own name from struggling song writers who can't get a hearing from the "song writers' trust" and who have to sell their entire rights to the songs, including silence about the deal, for $50 apiece.

31. That all the famous Broadway actors are hop-heads and that none of them ever goes on the stage without taking a hypodermic or getting a snootful of cocaine.

32. That all of the big prize fights are "fixed" by a syndicate of gamblers operating in Chicago, in conjunction with a ring of prominent New York Stock Exchange speculators.

33. That George Jean Nathan, the dramatic critic, invariably leaves the theater in the middle of the second act, no matter how excellent is the performance or how fine and artistic is the play.

34. That all federal prohibition agents carry on an extensive private bootlegging business as a side line.

35. That before a girl can get a job in the chorus of a musical show she has to yield her virtue to the producer.

36. That all the girls in the chorus of the "Follies" are entertained nightly by millionaires who give them pearl necklaces, fur coats, diamond-studded wrist watches and Rolls-Royce automobiles.

37. That you can get a finer meal at the Automat than you can at the Ritz.

38. That telephone operators at the switchboards of the big hotels invariably listen in on the conversation of the guests.

39. That none of the couples that live in Greenwich Village have had their union sanctioned by either church or state.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR OCTOBER

JOHN MACY

October 5. UTOPIA. By Thomas More.

The first and in its way the best of many dreams of a better society in which the evils of this world should be abolished. It has endured partly because of the tragic history of More and partly because it is fine prose.

October 12. TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. By Richard Henry Dana.

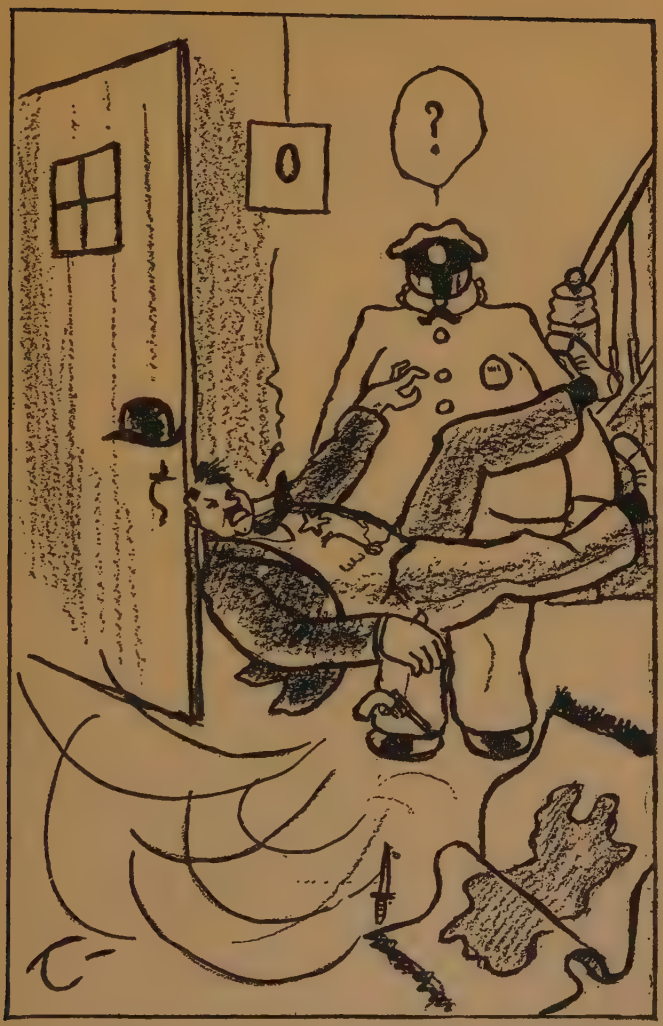
A true autobiographical account of a voyage round Cape Horn in 1834-6 by a young man of nineteen or twenty. The first realistic account of the sea and seamen from the point of view of the forecastle.

October 19. THE BIBLE IN SPAIN. By George Borrow.

The subtitle describes this remarkable book: "The journeys, adventures, and imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula." Borrow's life was a long series of adventures, all exciting and picturesque. Who would miss WILD WALES and ROMANY RYE?

October 26. THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM. By W. D. Howells.

I note a disposition on the part of the younger generation to patronize or neglect old Howells. Well, they might go back and take a look, and learn something about writing. This is an intensely American novel, one of the best.



Mr. William J. Burns' birthday surprise (October 19th) will be to trip over a clue.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BARRUCCI MADONNA

by PARKE CUMMINGS

Illustrated by Lewis G. Adams

Half of "Adams & Prentice," that young firm of architects which is notorious for exploding the traditional myth about the inevitable hardships of a young architect. They, apologetically, opened a branch office almost immediately and are not taking vacations this year.

IF we are to believe Mrs. Samuel Hale of Denver, the owner of the Barrucci Madonna, this work is a genuine work of Barrucci. If, on the other hand, we take the word of Sir Irving Durant we must admit that this is a spurious imitation of Barrucci foisted upon posterity by another painter of the same name. Somewhere between these two extremes lies the truth; the jury must decide. In all probability the jury will decide it six of one and half a dozen of the other. The immediate problem seems to be to panel a jury; it is no easy matter to procure twelve men who know absolutely nothing about pictures. There are too many tabloid readers around.

But this article is not intended as an attack, on the one hand, nor a deprecation, on the other, of the jury system. Its purpose is to discuss the known facts of the Madonna's history calmly and dispassionately. So

be it: On a bright summer day in the year 1482 a group of Florentine urchins were playing the native game of "questarina," a game much like our modern "fives" except that a lead pipe was used in place of a ball. One of the youngsters, making a wild swing at the pipe, or "questa," sent it over a thick hedge into a clump of poison ivy. In searching for it one of the group chanced upon an old dilapidated piece of board about two feet by two—also a bad case of ivy poisoning.

As you may well have guessed, that piece of board was the now world-famous Barrucci Madonna. The paint had been pretty well washed off, the left side of the Madonna's face being entirely eradicated. (This, however, wasn't as serious as it sounds, because the picture was a profile of the right side of the Madonna's face.) By judicious use of colored chalk and the "quatrocento equivalent of shellac" local artisans succeeded in restoring the painting to its present condition where it travels from court room to court room for all to see.

Of course many theories were immediately advanced, the accepted one being that it was a genuine Titian. Titian was known to soak his panel paintings in his gold fish pool in order to swell up the chinks between the pieced-together boards. It was, accordingly, supposed that after an especially heavy rain the pool had overflowed (Vasari is authority for the fact that it was a very rainy year) and carried the painting down a little glen to the ivy patch where it was so fortuitously found.

But in 1662 the French critic, Martin, knocked this theory into a cocked hat by pointing out that Titian kept turtles and not goldfish, and that anyhow he didn't start painting until far into the next century. This last was a "clincher," and many artistic authorities found themselves rubbing their heads and wondering why they hadn't thought of that before. Thereupon Martin, without further to-do, set the work down as a Botticelli on account of the treatment of the feet.

But people were not so easily taken in in those later days, and, being on their guard against hoaxes, lost no time in pointing out that this particular Madonna had no feet. Martin attributed this oversight to the fact that he had not looked at the picture before pronouncing on it. However, he was too late. The populace was sick and tired of fooling, and Martin was promptly guillotined, the comment at Fontainebleau and Versailles being: "It serves him right." The guillotine has since passed out of use, much to some people's displeasure, but this particular one is still in existence,

and there is a rumor that it is to be imported to America. With a little oiling and the application of a good emery stone it could be put in first-class condition. Mrs. Hale has very kindly offered to supply the oil.

Hardly was Martin beneath the sod before some one thought of searching the panel for a signature, and, sure enough, there, in the lower left-hand corner, was indistinctly scrawled a word which looked like "ccsdrlliii." This was deciphered by the authorities, and probably correctly, as "Barrucci," the famous Florentine who painted from 1445 to 1492 at which time he sailed with Columbus to these parts.

But there is still one mystery which will probably never be cleared up. Whether this is the masterpiece of Signarotti Barrucci or of Guiseppe Barrucci, his half-brother who lived at the same time and painted in the same studio, remains a dark secret. Modern critics to a man set down this painting as the work of a left-handed artist. It would seem as though this might shed the necessary light, but a recent discovery of chronicles of that period has disclosed the fact that both of the Barruccis were left-handers. And here again the jury must decide.

To Preserve Against Drunkenness.

If you would not be drunke, take the powder of betony and coleworts mixt together; eate it every morning fasting, as much as will lie upon a sixpence, and it will preserve a man from drunkenness.—*Markham's Country Contentments.*

Restored to pristine vigor.

STICK OUT YOUR MEDULLA OBLONGATA

ANONYMOUS

Illustrated by ILSE BISCHOFF

An artist whose pastel portraits have charm and freshness, whose woodcuts have power and depth, whom it might be well to start collecting in a quiet way.

IN a certain locality of these effete United States has been discovered an extraordinary drinking cure. We are not as yet at liberty to divulge the name, but we can report that it is an important spring, or leakage

if you like, around which is being built a fashionable casino, road house, garage, community house and like accessories. We have it upon sober authority that this cure, or resort, is of the utmost importance, and we can safely prophesy that it will have the most sporting recommendation of the medical (perhaps) profession. Ground has already been broken in the vicinity for the construction of sumptuous extra-modernistic buildings and it is rumored that when finished there will be no centre on this side of the Atlantic, or Pacific, at once so beneficial, chic, and distinguished, where our best classes may mingle freely with their lessers and be at ease. Mr. Elisha Eells, president of the association, which was formed in no time, gave out that he had a large group of capitalists behind him, but that the workingman need not feel shut out by a cover charge of $25.00—the casino was essentially democratic and there would be no discrimination.

In case of bigamy.

The curative beverage has already been analyzed and tested by various competent drinkers. At first gush, a picked group of poetasters was rushed to the spot. The results were instantaneous.

By special arrangement, we here reproduce pictures of several striking scenes during an early bout. One shows the Board of Directors, restored to pristine vigor. The second shows what can be done in case of bigamy, and the third, a novelist of note, leads her public to the well of loneliness.

Leads her public to the well of loneliness.

INDIAN SUMMER

(A Song Cycle)

by ALFRED KREYMBORG

The poet, essayist, critic, whose keen discrimination first heralded many authors now famous; on whose friends the sun never sets.

I. Prelude

I don't know how the tale began
  The Indians told when they
Beheld the phœnix in the sun
  That made November May:

Nor can I say why my blood too
  Pounds when the earth is cold:
I only know my heart's alive
  With all I adored of old.

II. One Tiny Thing

I've never seen her quite so sad
  As when her tongue goes wrong
And says some momentary thing
  She thinks a deadly throng:

She looks at me as if we two
  And our whole world were lost,
And yet for that one tiny thing
  I almost love her most.

III. One Old Boy

If anything goes wrong with me
  It must be I'm still young
Though I am more than forty-four
  And each year large and long:

But down among my many selves
  That play the deuce with me
There's one old boy in love with her
  Who guides them constantly.

IV. In the Lonesome

Another long walk in the lonesome,
  Another old trail with my cane,
And further things gather I failed to see
  When first this dark girl came:

Another soft shower of golden leaves.
  And April shoots through the bone,
And over the long, wide, sturdy green
  My cane and I stride home.

V. Blooming Eyes

Though other men come wooing her
  I know no jealousy—
Oh, yes, I know it's wrong of them
  And very wrong of me—

But still they come with blooming eyes
  And still I cannot see
Why I should smite the villains dead
  Who look so much like me.

VI. Poor Old Body

My heart is quite a mad old fool
  Who shouts ten thousand things
And finding these are all too mild
  He grabs poor me and sings

Until my head, that cooler fool,
  Must drag us off to bed
And wrestle with the lunatic
  Till my old body's dead.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

Three new preferred groups are announced in ticket distribution for Stanford-California football classic. "UNDERGRADS MAY NOT SEE BIG GAME."

"HETCH-HETCHY WATER NOW NEARS S. F. SUPERVISORS SAY FINAL BOND ISSUE NEEDED. FINISH JOB, SLOGAN."

Three feature writers discover quaint S. F. sea food markets. Los Angeles statistician proves that prawns are gulf shrimp from Texas, pink shrimps come from Seattle and abalone isn't fit to eat anyhow.

Four sports writers go crazy deciding whether to play up World's Series or football.

PORTRAIT OF A CHIEF OFFICER ON HIS BIRTHDAY

by JAMES GOULD COZZENS

Who takes a few characters, a plot, and with a delicate and sure instinct for the use of words, turns out fascinating novels, and who, incidentally, if he is ever killed in an accident, will be picked up meticulously attired.

ON the morning of October 2, Mr. Witherle, arising, remembered that he was going to have a boat drill. Only while he was brushing his teeth (a second time, after breakfast) did the date assume any other significance for him. It was his birthday.

He stood a moment, confused, not sure whether he was thirty-eight today or thirty-nine—thirty-nine, he concluded. He felt a slight warmth of pleasure, as though there were some triumph in thus completing another year. He put on his uniform cap, concealing the touches of gray along the sides of his head, drew his mouth together tight and looked at himself. Then he took a nail file and cleaned his nails. From the top of the closet he brought down a life preserver, put it over his arm and left his quarters, walking aft to the boat deck.

First there by five minutes, he wanted to be on hand to see the men got up smart when the gong rang to stations. He moved about fidgeting, looking in things,

poking his head over the rail as though he suspected the wharf's immense black roof of concealing something from him. He was not aware that it was a hell of a trick, having drill this morning, when the Inspectors would be on tomorrow and make them do it all over again. Time enough then to check things up. Not time enough for Mr. Witherle, however. He stood taut by the forward funnel, his gold epaulets carefully clean, the life jacket dragging at his arm and the hot, profane protest of the whole ship passed him by in a meaningless murmur.

Now the gong rang, and the boat crews came up promptly, eager to get it over. In most cases the men had either left their life belts below or carried them slung over their shoulders. Mr. Witherle stopped this at once, ordering the jackets put on. Didn't they know they were required to have their belts in position and securely fastened? Unmoved, the insufferable sun watched them while they obeyed. The certificated life boat men regaled themselves: "Old Witherle's bellyaching again. Got your one painter of manila rope two and three-quarters inches in circumference? Well, feller, take it and hang yourself, if you want any peace."

Boatswains and quartermasters, some of whom were negroes, fretted in doubtful authority. A few white men were always damned if they took orders from a filthy Brazilian coon. Their independence found expression in dropping a little equipment overboard on the chance Mr. Witherle would make somebody trou-

ble. He never did. "You ought to be more careful about that," he said. "Quartermaster? Report one galvanized iron bucket with lanyard attached missing from Boat 6."

Nor could Mr. Witherle now rest easy. While the davits were being worked out, ready to lower the boats to the water on the free port side, he must go below and harry the unspeakably bored stewards' department into making a dumb show of its theoretical duties. "Stewards will in every case remember that it is their duty to see that passengers are dressed and have put on their life jackets in a proper manner."

"I hope to help the ladies get dressed," observed some one in back.

"Silence!" protested Mr. Witherle. "Female passengers will be attended by the stewardesses."

All the while he suspected the Second Officer of having gone aft in disgust to watch the loading, leaving the boats to be lowered or not as the crews saw fit. He hastened up to make sure that this was true. "Mr. Fenton," he objected, "be good enough to lend a hand here."

Back with the boat crews, he found number 4 in delightful difficulties. Ten feet down it hung motionless, cool in the shadow. Its complement sat at ease smoking cigarettes. No one was at the davit levers. Mr. Witherle walked about in agitation, trailed by his yawning clerk. Why were these men missing?

They were in the toilet, suggested some one. "Seems like they must have diarrhea."

"Why haven't they reported sick?" asked Mr. Witherle, embarrassed.

Boat 6, just over the side, shouted anonymously, "Maybe they don't know they got it yet. Maybe they ain't sure."

At last, like a vindication of the ever-growing resentment, came a hurrying quartermaster, heretofore inexplicably absent. "Captain asks when Mr. Witherle will dismiss. Important work being held up, sir."

Mr. Witherle could only nod. The boats, none of which had yet reached water, were hauled up; the crews came piling out and jerked off their life jackets. Unable to escape, a few certificated men had to remain and finish the inventories.

After the last list was checked, the last block and lashing restored, Mr. Witherle went below, glad to be out of the heat himself. He made a note in his private diary. "At dock this day, my birthday. Wind southwest. Boat drill at nine." Pausing there he rubbed his mouth. Finally he wrote, "All satisfactory and in order."

A year's work of the British Royal Society for Prev'nt'n of Cruelty to An'm'ls.

779 Humane Killers sold to Butchers.
83 Lethal Chambers supplied.
20,000 Humane Rabbit Snares sold.
501 Humane slaughtering demonstrations given.
221,712 Essays on Kindness to Animals written by London school children.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PRINTING (IN EXACTLY FIVE HUNDRED WORDS)

by ELMER ADLER

Artist, bibliophile, master typographer and printer, who realizes in his art what most of us merely dream of, and whose books will constitute a full chapter in the history of American printing.

PRINTING was supposed to have burst upon our Western civilization a perfected creation, in the form of a two-volume Bible in the year known also for the fall of Jerusalem. So allotting one word to describe each twelve months would carry us twenty-three years beyond nineteen thirty. However, an especially appropriated word is not required annually; sometimes one noun can stand for almost a decade.

For instance, *counterfeit* might be used for the first few years of the *incunabula* or fifteenth century period. The first printed books were devised so closely to resemble manuscripts made with pens that buyers could be unaware that the volumes were produced in some mysterious manner likely to be resented. But even when it was no longer necessary to simulate the manuscript, *imitation* continued, for it required years to develop special technique, format and designs particularly *adapted* to the use of type and presses. During this time *italic* and ROMAN CAPITAL type faces were inducted.

An often-stated criticism against the practice of printing is that it does not refashion itself in the new art of the minute. This is basically unsound, for it requires the premise that printing is a creative art, beginning and ending within itself. In reality, it is but an interpretive medium, a visual means of expression, much dependent upon the matter to be expressed, only a little more flexible than the oral language it puts into visual form.

Nevertheless, there are distinct periods. As early as the sixteenth century books of *adapted* design reflect contemporary art movements, and a student of topography can fairly accurately set the time of making without consulting the printed date.

Words like *inventions,* improved methods with resulting greater *distribution* and *consumption,* began to have effects. Frequently in the strife for cheapness, to further quantity production, design and craftsmanship were ignored and forgotten, so every few decades or so there was opportunity for a *revival* or return to classical standards, accomplished by investigating and studying the original models on which is based the practice of good typography. Some of the movements during four centuries are designated by the names of men of high ideals, with sufficient scholarship, taste and force to effect a revival.

During the last hundred years the great bulk of printing has been newspapers and magazines, doomed, because of wood-pulp paper, to short life. Consequently, future students of typography will be com-

pelled to measure our contribution, as we do those of other centuries, by the books that are preserved. While books printed on pure rag paper show little aging through years, the problem of keeping alive the ordinary volume of our day is very much troubling the far-sighted custodian of a library.

Much has been written and considerably more will be said about the art and practice of typography. But if a person would know music he must hear good compositions well played—a parting suggestion, and a final word—FINIS.

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—OCTOBER

by EDWARD HOPE

The principal difficulties to be guarded against during October are green apples and football. The green apple menace is dangerous chiefly to boys and there is very little for parents to do. A boy would rather walk two miles and steal an apple of dubious ripeness than eat one of the choicest a fruiterer can offer. Why this is has never been explained, but it is probably the same impulse, at bottom, which makes men prefer to shave themselves. Parents in suburban and rural districts can only await the development of severe pains in the abdominal region and then proceed as calmly as possible. Sharp blows applied behind and slightly below the region of the pain are not as effective for the child as paregoric, but they have a soothing effect on the parent.

Football affects the young of both sexes. Boys of eight years and up organize football teams and play against one another, thus being able to bring home unimaginable contusions, lacerations and fractures. Parental interference, however, only induces recklessness and is worse than useless. Girls, during the football season, are likely to go silent and pensive. When they do so, there is no cause for alarm: they have merely located their Launcelots in football uniforms, and they will get over it.

Hallowe'en, what with the passing of detachable front gates and porch furniture, is not what it once was. If a child wants to go out with a mask, carrying a stocking full of flour, he should be permitted to do so. The training will be useful in teaching him to wield a blackjack in later life.

The Fathers of the Church who thought up the theory that every child is born with Original Sin had no idea how right they were until the Freudians came along.—Mr. Hope

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A TALKIE

Take a fresh silver screen star-fish, and place beside an old Ham actor. Bone both well, then pan, and roast slowly over a hot fire. When a faint crackling sound ensues the ham will be well done. Turn off gas, remove and hang over screen to cool before serving.

NOVEMBER BEGINS *on* SATURDAY—*hath* 30 *days*

If you design Health to be lasting,
Go not out in cold Mornings fasting:
Get Cherry Bounce, and a good Toast,
Before you face the Morning Frost.

The Sign of Sagittarius

M	W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice, Prophecies,* &c.
1	Sa	All Saints' Day. *Pray for the dead.*
2	Su	If nightingales sing more than usual, prepare
3	Mo	quickly for winter.
4	Tu	Fewer foreign born in S. C. than any other state.
5	We	Burn Guy Fawkes.
6	Th	For rain go to Mobile, Ala. [F ☽ M]
7	Fr	Sophistication is charming when inherited,
8	Sa	and awful when acquired.
9	Su	"Of this be sure, if you wrestle with a sweep, whether
10	Mo	you throw or be thrown, you will come off befouled."—said
11	Tu	Diff. in length of shoes is 1-3 in. per size, [Martin Luther,
12	We	in width, 1-4 in. per size. [born, 1483.
13	Th	Advt. firm unearths authentic letter from [L ☾ Q]
14	Fr	Mme. Du Barry praising Lux toilet soap.
15	Sa	Thom. Parr after a trip undertaken in his 153rd yr. died from
16	Su	a change of air, 1635. (High time he had a change even if
17	Mo	Put your garden to bed. [it killed him.)
18	Tu	BAKED BEANS originated in Russia, not Boston.
19	We	That explains much which we've never understood before.
20	Th	Plant white narcissus today for Christmas blooms. [N ☽ M]
21	Fr	An aristocrat never resents being taken for something else
22	Sa	but a bourgeois enjoys nothing so much as being taken
23	Su	for an aristocrat.
24	Mo	White Pearl Shirt Stud Day for RYAN Clan.
25	Tu	Joseph Wood Krutch born, 1893.
26	We	Population of Am. Colonies in 1610, *210 souls.*
27	Th	Thanksgiving.—*2 yrs. since Mr. Rehemeyer made mistake of re-*
28	Fr	[*sisting efforts to cut his hair & got it in neck.* [F ☽ Q]
29	Sa	More men to women in Nevada than any other state.
30	Su	St. Andrew martyred, 69 A.D. No Merrie Andrew that day.
		Frost every night from now on.

Bad this month under foot. Make shoe salesmen prove that his zippers are water-proof.

NOVEMBER

OUR MORAL MYOPIA

by BURTON RASCOE

IF a philologist ever begins to examine the literature of discussion that has prevailed in the United States during the past ten or fifteen years, he may well pause to wonder how the word "moral" ever came to bear among us an exclusive reference to sexual conduct. When the *Nation* published its series of papers on "Our Changing Morality," it did not occur either to the editors or to the contributors to examine any other aspect of morality (i.e., *moralitas,* Latin; *moralité,*

French; or *morality* as it is defined in the Oxford dictionary) except that pertaining to the sexual problem in love, marriage and divorce.

In this interesting series there was no hint that any change was going on or impending in our attitude toward cheating in business, taking a mean advantage of an adversary, absconding with public funds, robbing the poor or beating a cripple. No: Miss Freda Kirchwey sounded the keynote in the first four words of the introduction. "The subject of sex—" she began, and all of the contributors sang to that dominant.

When H. L. Mencken sets up his concept of honor as opposed to morals his context always shows that he is constrained to do so out of a curious notion that the concept of *morals* does not involve the concept of *honor*. When Stuart P. Sherman wrote of the "moral genius of America" in his essay on "The Genius of America," he did not protest against the novels of Theodore Dreiser, George Moore, and James Branch Cabell and against the æsthetic theories of J. E. Spingarn (to name the writers he named specifically) on the grounds that the works of these men tend to subvert the national genius that discountenances murder, larceny, counterfeiting, drunkenness, wife-beating, betrayal of friendship, bearing of false witness, or the other six of the seven deadly sins: throughout the essay he made it plain that *immorality* meant for him sexual misconduct and *morality* meant restraint of the same. When an American uses or hears the expression *moral man, moral book,* or *moral play,* the meaning

conveyed by or to him is that the man, book or play is moral only in a sexual sense.

Yet, a man whose sexual conduct is impeccable may be able through the power of money or influence he possesses to degrade the intellectual, economic and social standards of a vast section of the population. He may be able to starve and persecute, harass and drive people insane. A book which has no reference to sexual matters whatever may pervert the minds of thousands of people. The most pornographic book ever written has only the potential power of stimulating for an hour or so at the most the erotic imagination of the reader; whereas, to take but a single instance, the war propaganda manufactured by government employees with a deliberate attempt to lie and deceive is often responsible for arousing in a whole populace the violent and destructive emotions of hate and revenge. A book of pseudo-scientific ethnology, containing no reference to sexual matters, has been enough to set one heterogeneous racial body against another heterogeneous racial body. A play that is "moral" in the sexual sense may be the means of promulgating a set of dangerous standards of social conduct, or it may, if it is hugely successful, be the means of invidiously lowering the taste of nearly all who witness it. Ideas, especially bad ideas, are a more potent source of emotional and intellectual corruption than all the pornography ever written.

The exclusive definition of morality as a sexual matter only has, I believe, a deleterious effect upon our

national morality. If we had in current use another word which would mean what *immoral* actually means, exclusive of its sexual connotation, and could use that word with as much opprobrium for violations of *morality* as we use the word *immoral,* some progress could be made. Until we invent such a word, I believe that we should begin to realize that it is at least as immoral to employ child labor in coal mines or to drink wet and vote dry as it is to commit adultery. After all, only one of the Ten Commandments has reference to sexual conduct and it is seventh down in the list. And it must be remembered that adultery specifies sexual misconduct only under a special set of circumstances.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

One off-season tourist refers to the 1906 disaster as an earthquake. Twelve native sons pause to say, "Fire?"

Habit-bound San Franciscans pass final Hetch-Hetchy bond issue. "POLICE, FIREMEN, PAY RAISE VOTED."

No tickets are scalped for U. C.-Stanford Big Game. Every man on the 8:40 next morning had seats right on the fifty-yard line.

Thanksgiving is somebody's birthday. Mr. Ivy Ledbetter Lee may celebrate by deciding to unpopularize the Rockefellers.

(He is pictured here with his office boy, Stonewall Jackson, and his secretary, Miss Annabelle, who is afraid of poison ivy.)

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR NOVEMBER

JOHN MACY

November 2. DOCTOR FAUSTUS. By Christopher Marlowe.

The best of the four plays by the first great Elizabethan dramatist. Again I may remind my clients, as I did in a former ALMANACK, that even without Shakespeare the Elizabethan drama is a mighty thing.

November 9. MY LIFE. By Isadora Duncan.

This autobiography, supplemented by THE UNTOLD STORY by Mary Desti, records the career of a remarkable woman, an artist to the tips of her toes, and a woman of admirable courage and independence of character.

November 16. CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER. By Thomas De Quincey.

This touching and eloquent book also has its kind of courage. Appreciation of De Quincey is the very touch-stone of literary taste. If that be dogmatic, make the most of it.

November 23. DIARY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

As we approach Thanksgiving, it may be appropriate to read this diary of "the Puritan Pepys." We shall find that some of the Puritans were not such stiff-necked boors after all.

November 30. HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. By Walter Scott.

There was a time when everybody read Scott's novels as a matter of course and enjoyed them. I see signs that many readers of today know nothing about him or regard him as old-fashioned. If any writer of our time is doing better in ripping, thrilling romance I wish somebody would tell me about him.

"YELLOW TRANSPARENT"

by LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Whose poems are well known to readers of the Saturday Review of Literature, *the* Nation, *etc., and whose short stories are starred by Edward O'Brien.*

Big apples on a little tree,
A new tree, a child tree
Young in the root.
A virgin bearing heavily,
Miraculous with fruit.

A sapling full of apples
Which shine like the sun,
Children of the baby wife
Making, with transparent life,
Halo for madonna,
For the littlest one.

Brilliant, stainless golden-white
Poured into the round
Shows some magic did unite,
Some god did share,
With the tree.
She holds them just above the ground
And marvels at the mystery
That she, while still a child, should bear
Apples made of light.

THE REAL CRISIS OF THE YEAR

by CHET SHAFER

The revered Master of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers and the undisputed authority on green cheese, purple cows, fountains of youth, golden eggs, and most of the other realities of this world.

Illustrated by MARGARET FREEMAN

An illustrator who can delight the young, satisfy the old, amuse the light-minded, and inspire the serious.

INTERNAL strife, cropping out in the ranks at an excessively high net percentage of crop per rank, threatens to disrupt the most important campaign launched by The Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. This organization, founded in 1926 as a non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-coupon-saving, non-juridical[1] and non-essential group, is now split into four dissenting factions and one radical wing, and unless some pacific steps are taken during the approaching fiscal year which ends May 31 to October 8, inclusive, 1930, utter chaos will result.

The Guild[2] which is composed of stalwart citizens who, at one time in their youth, pumped a pipe organ in a church or chapel before electric apparatus demolished their profession, is pledged to inspirational cam-

[1] Estimated Torque Content.
[2] Width at eaves.

paigns. Under a broad and comprehensive charter (now traded in on a when as and if issued basis) it is permitted to undertake vital projects of international scope, that is, anything up to a size 6⅞ scope, which is large enough for any ordinary purpose. Besides favoring the foundation of proving grounds where goldfish of known moral character and integrity may

be purchased, the Guild seeks to preserve some of the wild cast-iron deer, dogs, and other ferrous fauna that once populated the lawns of the mighty. With this object in view a committee was appointed in November 1928, charged with the duty of securing some of the few remaining specimens and impounding them on the Guild's Special Impounding Preserve, five miles north and south of Three Rivers, Michigan, between the sixth and seventh telephone poles on the east side of the road there by Allie Swartz' Place.

Members of this committee, headed by Paul Grant of Detroit, Michigan, were equipped with one harquebus each, each member being designated as One Harquebusier. A ruling was made that the Harquebusiers, after stalking the cast-iron beasts, should not fire their pieces, but should employ varying degrees of intimidation.

Service stations for repairs on ordnance were established and a squad of Harquebusiers, led by Chief Grant, issued from Base No. 6VTC on May 1, 1929. Within an hour Chief Grant came to a point on a remarkably well-preserved deer, slightly rusty in spots, but otherwise in excellent condition. In a muffled whisper he called for his harquebus (he had entrusted his weapon with a Fellow Pumper[3] who was trailing

a few yards to the rear). This Pumper, Bromley by name and somewhat of a wag, handed him, instead, a stout Malacca cane. Chief Grant did not notice the difference until he had levelled the piece and by that time it was too late. The deer snorted scoffingly and leapt away to disappear in a nearby copse.

[3] Depth of Skewer.

Chief Grant, naturally, was enraged. He immediately gave Pumper Bromley thirty days' notice and discharged him. Then, acting on instructions, he drew a map of the copse, which he designated as Copse Map, No. 1, and sent photostatic copies of it to the main offices of the Guild and to members of his family above the grade of sergeant. Bromley, however, was angered at his dismissal from the Harquebus Service, and immediately hurled charges in which he declared that Chief Grant's figures on impounding were grossly incorrect. An Ernst & Ernst Audit, Bromley said, revealed the fact that Chief Grant had intimidated and captured only fourteen animals (this figure includes peltries, also), while he had reported a total gross of 477 specimens. Chief Grant, countered with a Price-Waterhouse Audit showing that Bromley was an illegitimate boy and should never have been admitted to Guild membership.

Such is the situation in the Harquebus Squad at this time—a situation which is technically entered in the Guild's ledger as the Grant-Bromley Impasse. The work of impounding has ceased entirely, and it seems as if the plan of Operations—G2—will be rendered ineffective. In the meantime efforts to settle the differences have met with snarly rebuffs. In the end, therefore, it may be necessary to create another Harquebus Squad, with an entirely new personnel, and move the Impounding Preserve to the west side of the road between Gus Hagebuch's smokehouse and the Flatbush Tie-Sheds.

The Guild, nevertheless, will go on, undeterred, in its principal objective—which is (see Folder A-1, Batch No. 2)—to perpetuate the memories of an honorable profession rendered obsolescent by modern electrical devices and to preserve for Posterity some permanent evidence of the part the Pipe Organ Pumper played in the musical and ecclesiastical progress of the ages.

BACK-STAGE

by EDDIE CANTOR

Who has sung so many "best" songs—getting better or worser, according to your upbringing, as the song proceeds—that his admirers have difficulty in picking their favorites.

THE theatre forecast for 1930 is very gloomy, according to Ziegfeld. That means he will buy only one Rolls Royce for every new show he puts out this year. After producing "Three Musketeers," "Show Boat" and "Whoopee," the three biggest hits of last year, he complained to me that he never makes money on his shows and never breaks even. I was so touched that I sent his daughter, Patricia, a dozen boxes of cornflakes, saying, "Your father and mother will get along somehow, but I don't want to see you starve."

Of course, stage folks don't always depend on the

box-office for their revenue. I found that out when I played opposite Peggy Joyce in the Follies of 1919. It is said that Raskob made sixty millionaires, but she's made more.

Back-stage is where the real show takes place. Many an actor who plays a millionaire when the curtain goes up is borrowing half a dollar when the curtain falls. And sometimes a little girl in the chorus has a bigger car waiting for her after the show than the star. Sometimes the audience gets a taste of real life thrown in with the performance and doesn't know it. It happened once when Frank Carter, mauling me violently in the osteopath scene, knocked out one of my teeth and I picked it up dumbfounded. The audience was so amused that Frank thought we ought to keep the bit in the act. "But we can't do it for more than twenty performances," I objected. "That's all the teeth I have left."

Sometimes I've had to step out of my rôle in the middle of a scene. In the early days when I travelled the what-have-you circuit and had to take whatever the audience would give, one lively spectator threw the head of a goose on to the stage. Everybody began to laugh, but not the way I wanted them to. "Gentlemen," I said, stepping to the footlights, "if any one among you has lost his head, he needn't worry; he can get it back after the show at the stage-door."

On another occasion, a child in the balcony began to squall, and in two minutes the audience was completely demoralized by this rival performance. I had

to think quick to save the situation and announced in very grave tones, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the show is stopped, the kid can't possibly go on!"

It was in Hollywood, however, that I found there was more make-believe off the screen than on. It was in the days when the pictures hadn't learned to talk and had nothing to say. I was helping to prepare one of them and felt aggravated at the way my story was being cut and distorted. One scene in particular appeared very flat and I insisted that it be done my way. "I'm the only one who knows how this ought to be done!" I cried, excited.

"Except the director," observed one of the yes-men on the lot.

"Except nobody!" I returned. He promptly went to call the director and the director in a proud, supercilious manner told me, "You'll have to learn, Mr. Cantor, that out here everything you do or say is qualified by the phrase, 'except the director.'" I looked at the yes-man who had complained against me. "I think you're the biggest fool in Hollywood," I said, "except the director."

But aside from a few exceptions the people of the stage never put on airs. In fact, the show girls hardly put on anything. And that explains why a lot of men with plenty of money marry show girls—at least they see what they get and dress them up later.

OUR ARTISTIC FUTURE

by ROBERT L. DUFFUS

Recognized as an authority on the Fine Arts by the Carnegie Foundation, the N. Y. Times, *and all those who know their oils. Recognized as an authority on the Art of Living by his friends and all who know him.*

WHILE America has been growing steadily richer the people of the less affluent nations have been getting a good deal of comfort out of the thought that we are not highly civilized and especially that we have no art. It would be cruel to take this consolation away from them. And yet I think we are going to. I do not think, however, that we shall do it by painting pictures and carving statues, though we do that sort of thing now-a-days more and better than we used to. Our painters and sculptors do keep up with European styles, but these are, after all, European styles. Our Academy is academic, as all good academies are, but it did not invent academicism. Our modernists make the layman's head ache, but it was the French, after all, who gave birth to Da-daism. So I think our national genius will express itself in what are called the applied arts, among which, since there is no one here to stop me, I shall include architecture.

The applied arts have long been looked down upon by those who practice the so-called fine arts. This was

because they were useful. They were, as our English cousins so blandly put it, in trade. But it is in keeping with the American way of looking at things not to take that accusation seriously. In fact much of our indifference to the arts has probably been due to a belief that they were and must be "fine"—that is to say something which had little to do with one's daily life. We went to the museum occasionally to look at Art but almost all that we remembered was that our feet got tired. We therefore came to look upon Art as beyond us, and upon those who practiced it or took it seriously as being a little queer. The artists frequently helped us in this attitude by being dreadful snobs. Some of them still are.

The best of them, however, are beginning to see that art is not of much significance if it cannot be got into the consciousness of the average man. There are many ways of doing this. One way, for example, is to manufacture arty chairs that will jab the average man when he tries to sit down or give him a crick in the back if he remains in them long enough. Recent exhibitions indicate that we shall have a good deal of this sort of thing. We shall have black bathrooms with orange bowls and tubs, octagonal metallic dining-rooms, set-back book-shelves and star-fish lamps. Humane employers have been trying to make factories homelike. Some modern designers are trying to make homes factory-like. This will get worse before it gets better. But it is a step in the right direction because it is an effort to make our domestic surroundings express the

spirit of the age. Great artistic periods are an expression of the spirit of the ages in which they occur. They are never anything else.

By degrees the average man will be compelled to take an interest in art, if only in pure self-defence. The designers will try all sorts of experiments on him and he will have to learn to distinguish between furniture that hurts and furniture that does not. He will learn that there are combinations of colors and combinations of lines that give him a pain and others that do not. He will have to, for most of the old standards have been thrown to the winds and no two designers will agree as to what the new ones ought to be. And for a while there will not be any. Fashions there will be, but these will change over night, like the fashions in women's dresses and men's underwear. I think we shall probably see some wild days in the furniture, wall-paper, silverware, building and publishing businesses before things settle down and what may be called an American style emerges. But this, painful though it may be, is progress.

The encouraging fact is that we are turning our energies to the arts, in a large way, as we formerly turned them to killing Indians, cutting down trees, finding gold mines, and raising hell and cattle. Nearly all of us have more money than we used to. Nearly all of us have more leisure. We are therefore thinking, not only how to get a living but how to live, and that is the beginning of art. There is no call to sneer at the fact that the art schools are having a boom and

that amateur painting classes are now as plentiful as golf clubs were in 1876. What if most of the art students are looking for an easy living? What if most of the work done by the amateurs is atrociously bad? What if a vast amount of cant, including, perhaps, these paragraphs, is being spilled on the subject of art? We have to suffer these things in order to become art conscious. And we are at least getting away from the contented and ignorant ugliness in which our parents and grand-parents wallowed.

I once wrote a book (advt.) in which I said that I believed in a coming American renaissance. I still do.

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—NOVEMBER

by EDWARD HOPE

To the normal child November brings the first bad cold of the Fall. This is an event that should be signalized with considerable ceremony. Put the child to bed. Administer castor oil, put argyrol up the nose, paint the throat with nitrate of silver, place mustard plasters on the chest and evaporate some good inhalant in a croup kettle. If all these things are done and the child still has the hardihood to continue with his cold, he is a brave little chap and deserves credit. This treatment of the first cold of the season has the great advantage of disposing of all of the most popular remedies at one fell swoop and, as

none does any good, all may be safely forgotten for ensuing colds.

To the child, November is a sweet prelude to Thanksgiving, the first vacation period of the semester and the happy harbinger of a longer vacation still to come. He thinks, as do his parents, that the week-end that begins with the last Thursday of the month is set aside in gratitude to whatever powers there be for a lazy body and mind and a not too lazy colon. Still and all, it is as well to humor the child in this preliminary vacation. It usually lasts only four days.

Among the things to be thankful for on the national feast is a good supply of bicarbonate of soda, the best antidote in the world for an overdose of dinner and What Goes With It. Children, by the way, should not be given champagne on the big occasions when it is available. Champagne is too good for them.

The child is father to the man and, in most cases, is capable of administering an awful whipping.
—Mr. Hope

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A RADIO FAN

Take a poor fish and scale well, also an ordinary sized nut. Remove kernel, and insert the tail of the fish and some handfuls of vermicelli letters. When letters W.E.A.F. or W.A.B.C. have risen to top, put in a few air currents, and when well stuffed pass through a Jackson Power filter and serve broadcast.

DECEMBER BEGINS *on* MONDAY—*hath* 31 *days*

Now Days are short, Nights long and raw,
With pinching Frost, and flabby Rain or Snow;
But let good rousing Fires, and Christmas Cheer,
Still mix'd with Charity, conclude the Year.

♑
The Sign of Capricorn

M W	LUNATIONS, WEATHER, FACTS, *Advice*, *Prophecies*, &c.
1 Mo	Six Day bicycle race at Mad. Sq. Garden.
2 Tu	There are two ways of arriving at Truth, studying
3 We	biology or bearing children.
4 Th	Biggest fish *ever* caught, 26,594 lbs.—Whale Shark, 1912.
5 Fr	*That ought to do you for several days.* [F ♍ M]
6 Sa	Wood burns faster than it grows.
7 Su	"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," *laid end to end, would cross the*
8 Mo	Immaculate Conception! [*Hudson some 30 times.*
9 Tu	A philosophy of life is often but a CLOAK to
10 We	cover one's personal limitations.
11 Th	14 bobbed haired GIRLS executed in Canton, 3 yrs. ago today.
12 Fr	*Too few.* [L ☾ Q] [3 years.
13 Sa	Francis Drake began voyage around the world, 1577. Almost
14 Su	Harvard has largest endowment of any college, $80,000,000
15 Mo	Good night! *Poor Harvard.* [more or less.
16 Tu	Beethoven born, 1770. 3 Alarm fire, N. Y., 1835.
17 We	*Mascara Day* for Fannie Broyles, whose eyelid twitched 3
18 Th	yrs. ago and saved her from being buried alive.
19 Fr	See the Postman's eye GLITTERING already. [N ♍ M]
20 Sa	Marion Talley born, 1906.
21 Su	St. Thomas's Day. Look at weathercock *at noon today:* wind will
22 Mo	Winter is icumen in, 8:40 A.M. [remain the same for 3 mos.
23 Tu	Oysters can trap mice *but will they*?
24 We	Too late for Christmas shopping.
25 Th	CHRISTMAS DAY. Mother gives father black silk dress, &
26 Fr.	F. gives M. cigars.
27 Sa	The Philom. takes this opportunity to thank *every-* [F ☽ Q]
28 Su	Childermas [*body* for their Xmas cards.
29 Mo	Thomas à Becket disposed of, 11′71.
30 Tu	As all to Change & Dissolution tend,
31 We	Poor Almanacks, even they must have an End.

Music and jollity will pass away long winter evenings.

DECEMBER

ANECDOTE FOR A WINTER NIGHT

by BURTON RASCOE

IT was after midnight and two novelists, a poet, and three women, were leaning over a table that held a decanter and glasses of cheap home-made wine in an Italian restaurant near Washington Square, and listening to a pulpy, flaccid-faced, middle-aged man in a skull-

cap and shabby clothes who was expounding an evil and revolting doctrine.

He had made a pact with the Devil, he said, and the Devil was his master, a benevolent master who had granted him happiness. At this, each of his auditors silently wondered wherein the source of this creature's happiness lay; for to all appearances he was degraded and miserable; but they allowed him to proceed without voicing their skepticism. In signing the pact, he said, he had released himself from the duties and obligations that men and women ordinarily feel toward one another. His own motto, he said, was from the Abbey of Thélème: "Do What Thou Wilt." And he added solemnly, "That is the whole of the law."

He had, he said, officiated at the Black Mass, attended Sabbats of witches and warlocks, and had materialized the Devil.

As he spoke in his confident and droning voice his bewildered and half-terrorized auditors began subconsciously to fear some imminent calamitous punishment for the sinister blasphemies issuing from the mouth of this sinister and corrupt débris of a man. Little, pig eyes, he had, coal black, set in flabby sockets of corpse-white skin; but the eyes had frightening animation.

When he said he had materialized the Devil, the poet asked nervously, "Could you materialize the Devil now?"

The demonologist answered that he could and he would. He could make the Devil appear before their eyes and prance about on the floor. But first he would

have to have the proper accessories for this feat. He knew the incantations to utter; but he needed two swords, a black cat, a willow wand, and some special incense.

The poet said he knew where he could get two swords. One of the women said she could furnish the black cat. The demonologist said he had plenty of the incense so there was no need to worry about that. But where was one to get a willow wand? The demonologist bethought himself that there were willows in Central Park. One of the novelists volunteered to get the willow wand, while the poet was fetching the swords and the woman her black cat.

They all met by agreement about an hour later in the apartment of the novelist who lived near the restaurant. The novelist who had gone after the willow wand was the last to appear. He had found great difficulty in locating a willow tree, he said.

The demonologist lighted the incense in small braziers and set about making elaborate preparations. His auditors sat about on the floor in the dimly lighted room, scarcely breathing in their fear and feverish curiosity. The demonologist at length began his incantations, a weird and profane litany to Satan. His eyes became glazed. He held the cat pinioned tightly against the table, and with a long needle drew some blood from the cat's belly. The cat meowed frightfully.

Unperturbed by the animal's suffering, he mixed some chemical in a brass bowl and a blue flame sput-

tered and shot upward, culminating in an acrid smoke. He grasped the wand, which he had peeled and anointed, and made some passes with it, like a magician, and called upon the Devil in Greek to manifest himself.

Nothing happened. The demonologist seemed puzzled and surprised. Disappointment overcast the faces of his audience. The demonologist examined the wand. "This is not a willow," he said, "it is from a beech sapling."

The novelist who had brought the wand was chagrined, for he had often mentioned trees by name in descriptive scenes in his books and prided himself on the literal exactitude of his details; but he offered immediately to take a taxi and a competent judge of trees and bring back a proper branch. One of the women said that she knew a willow when she saw one and volunteered to go with him.

The others sat around waiting for the willow wand and in time it appeared. The demonologist looked it over carefully, gave a grunt of satisfaction and peeled it. Then he sat about making his incantations again. The auditors, tense and cramped in their postures and jumpy from their long expectancy were almost at the bursting point of hysteria as the mysteries proceeded. Just as the demonologist reached the stage of the blue flame and was about to invoke the Devil, the blackness outside was suddenly transformed into luminous grayness. A cock, from God knows where, crew.

The demonologist dropped his arms in the midst of

waving the wand. On his face was registered, whether assumed or real, an expression of defeat and anger. "It is no use," he said. "Dawn has just broken. Magic is ineffectual after cock-crow. At the streak of dawn the utility of the incantation is negated. Give me a drink somebody!"

One of the novelists was Theodore Dreiser. One was Louis U. Wilkinson. The poet was Harry Kemp. The demonologist was Aleister Crowley.

KANSAS WINTER PRAIRIE

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

More than a fine poet, or a skillful translator, or a brilliant parodist, or the successful head of a jewelry business—a man who devotes much of his time to the encouragement of younger writers.

Here, where each mile repeats another mile,
Distance is all. Distance has overthrown
Contour and curve that put shapes of their own
On spaciousness and save it from exile.
Here, in half-hearted effort at denial,
Earth pushes up or slackened sky lets down
A blotch of farms, three naked tanks, a town,
Too listless to attempt a second trial.

Distance is all. Ripeness has come and gone,
Leaving the earth gashed over and stripped bare,
The sweet loam soured, and the fertile air
Used up, having done all that death has done;
So that eternity, man's endless trouble,
Can stretch itself in these dead seas of stubble.

OUR OWN BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB FOR DECEMBER

JOHN MACY

December 7. ON MY WAY. By Art Young.

Notes, reminiscences and reflections of the well-known satirical cartoonist. The text is much worth while. But better are the drawings which are the real Art Young and are not like the drawings of anybody else.

December 14. THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON. By Anthony Trollope.

Any novel of Trollope's is good comfortable reading for a winter's night; and there are enough of them for many nights.

December 21. TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. By Edgar Allan Poe.

Also good for a winter's night. They go very well read aloud, for Poe has perfect clarity and fluency. Try it.

December 28. THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

It is well to end the year in the company of a wise and virtuous philosopher. For in a few days you will be meditating on your sinful habits and swearing off a load of them—for another few days. Best wishes for a prosperous New Year!

December 30th is Governor Smith's birthday. He will celebrate by presenting a policy to one of his neighbors on Oliver Street.

COMIC ART

by MILT GROSS

Whose great hope is to live to see the day when American schools will teach the language as he writes it. He probably will.

PLAYS get written and produced and reviewed and discussed and argued over. Novels come out and start debates. The press and the pulpit take sides. Old guys with whiskers and red bands across their breasts write pamphlets and fight duels. A Dutch comedian with a fur collar on a full dress coat runs across the stage yelling, "Hot Coffee," and great minds see the irony of life and the satire and philosophy behind it all.

Comic artists, in a dozen—ten—five—three—two—and sometimes it has been known to happen in one (see Ripley "Believe It Or Not") swift stroke of the pen create all the humor, the comedy, tragedy and pathos of life, and embody the art of Michael Angelo, the satire of Swift, the poetry of Shakespeare, the impressive beauty of Dante, the irony of Schopenhauer, the humor of Chaplin and the rhythm of Longfellow. And what do people say? They just shake their heads and look at them and murmur, "You gotta have sumpin' the matter witcha to draw them pitchers." That's the kind of a life the comic artist leads.

Ranting, raving maniacs with their fancied grievances burst into the Art Department daily threatening the artists' life and attempting to kill them. Police are called and they burst into the room, look around and say, "Which one is the nut?" Many a poor comic artist has been dragged out into the street before they find out they had the wrong guy, and yet they all look young! I think it is their wonderful spirit of "Never Say Die." They keep "Smilin' Through," as it were and yet they have their human side, too.

Let me tell you the story of one comic artist. It was a terrible winter. He was down and out. No work. Couldn't get any kind of a job. Wife needed an operation. Kid had pneumonia. Owed the doctor. No dough for medicine. Holes in his shoes. Seat out of his pants. Living on potato peels in a shack in an empty lot. Drafty. No heat. Telephone cut off. Things certainly were desperate. Then one day he saw an ad, "Become a Comic Artist. Make $50,000 a year. Earn While You Learn. Pleasant, Easy and Profitable Occupation. Read this letter from Wilky Winterbottom, one of our Graduates:

Why I am a Wow and How I Make Humor

I git up early and by three o'clock I got all me comic art work done. Drawing hair on heads bothered me at first, likewise putting shading under noses, but since I took my course I am sitting on the world. Miles of smiles is my slogan.

Wilky Winterbottom.

So this comic artist read the ad and then a voice whispered to him, "If Wilky Winterbottom can knock 'em for a loop, so can you! Go out and draw a comic strip!" So he drew a comic strip called "Olaf Louder" and took it to an editor. The editor said, "Pretty good but not quite what we want. Leave it here and draw another one." So the comic artist ran home all cheered and full of hope. He drew a strip called "The Miseries of Maggie," which he brought to the editor. "A little better," said the editor, "but you haven't quite hit it yet. It doesn't just click. It lacks that intangible something. Leave it and keep trying." So the poor comic artist did more and more strips but the editor shook his head and said, "You haven't quite hit it just yet." So he tried and tried and tried. He drew enough strips to paper the Grand Central Station but each time the editor would say, "Not yet, my boy, not yet."

Finally the poor artist got desperate. His kids were ragged and hungry and freezing. So he went over to Jersey City and got a big, big pistol. He hid in the bushes in Central Park and pretty soon a swell Rolls Royce came along. The comic artist jumped out from the bushes and yelled, "Halt! Stick up your hands quick! I am desperate!" The car halted. Up went the hands. "Throw out all your valuables," commanded the comic artist. "Make it snappy!"

A big bundle came flying out into the road.

"Now beat it quick." The car turned and sped away. The poor, overjoyed comic artist rushed to the

package. He opened it up. A great roll of stuff fell out. It was all of the cartoons he had been submitting to the editor! See?

So the next time you read a comic just think of the hard trying job it is for the poor comic artist to make all the heads look alike in each picture.

NOTES FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN EUGENICS & GENETICS
(Behaviorists included)

by LEON F. WHITNEY

Secretary of the American Eugenics Society whose vocation, heredity in human beings, is closely allied to his avocation, experimental breeding of animals.

NEVER use the term blood when you mean heredity. When you hear some one boasting about how the blood of William the Conqueror is coursing through his veins show him how mistaken he really is. Why, he hasn't even the same blood with which he was born "coursing through his veins."

Let's be sufficiently modern so that we keep up with what science discovered twenty-five years ago, and hereafter acknowledge that blood has almost nothing to do with heredity. We all sprang from single cells.

If the nucleii (the business parts) of all the cells which were the beginning of all of the people in the world today, 1,800,000,000, could be assembled into one pile, they could all be held in the palm of one hand, without danger of overflowing. Stick out thy chest, O ye *homo sapiens;* compared to thine origin thou art a giant after all!

If you are an expectant mother, don't think that you can produce a beautiful baby by sitting in a Museum of Art looking at beautiful pictures. So far the only scientific correlation which has any significance is that women who have sat for long among the undraped statues tend to have children born naked.

Did you know that your father was your half-brother and your mother was your half-sister? Call them by these names and see if they answer.

Don't worry about the possibilities of a black baby even if you suspect a dusky romance somewhere among your ancestors. No two white persons have ever produced a black child, despite all the fiction to the contrary.

Don't spend your time doing daily dozens in the hope that your children will thereby inherit your increased strength. Nature doesn't work that way. Just think, if such things were inherited, what a sorry race we should be, after all the abuse our ancestors have

inflicted upon their bodies. What *would* we be like if all of their accumulated lethargy were to be passed on.

In no subject does the exception prove the rule so often as in heredity. Short people come from tall, blue-eyed children come from brown-eyed parents, dark-haired parents have flaxen-haired children and so it goes. These all confuse the layman. But as a matter of fact heredity can be reduced to arithmetic. The geneticist knows what to expect from any given mating, and can usually prophesy in advance. Learn about this new science during 1930. You will find it personal, and interesting.

But sometimes prediction is difficult. Beware! One eugenicist advised cousins to marry and their first child was an albino—one of Nature's freaks.

At the Wistar Institute, Dr. Helen Dean King has inbred rats, mating them brother to sister, for sixty-five consecutive generations and they are the best rats in the world. What a pity that our human families are not sufficiently free from defectiveness that such a practice would not improve them likewise. It has been done for one generation without dire results. Even cousin marriage is often risky with us. But then rats are so important!

Watch for new developments in genetics during 1930. Last year several mules had colts (we had previously believed this impossible) and two new species were artificially created, one of them being a cross between a radish and a cabbage. This gave the anti-evolutionists food for thought, as did the baby who was born in Tennessee with an eight-inch tail.

During 1930 intelligent people will be thinking of their families, whether they have enough to support them. You can take this as meaning enough children to support the parents or enough money to support the children. They will also be thinking about their families' futures. Since it requires four children, on the average, to insure a family's perpetuation, it's worth thinking about.

WESTERN NEWS NOTES & CORRES.

By Joseph Henry Jackson

Inspired press reminds public to shop early.

"PIONEER, 62, RECALLS 'DAYS OF OLD, DAYS OF GOLD!'"

Harassed Dip Committee chairman hounds Olympic Club members to sign for New Year's plunge. Necessary restoratives ordered.

"TURKEY 80 CENTS POUND. YULE SPIRIT GRIPS CITY."

THUS SPAKE . . .

A Dialogue Between Emerson and Nietzsche

by PHILLIPS RUSSELL

The biographer who brought Ben. Franklin and John Paul Jones to life, the author of a fascinating book on Mexico, and last who has presented to the American people their own Concord Sage.

PLACE: *Elysian Fields.*

Nietzsche: So you are Emerson! There is no man here whom I have wished oftener to meet.

Emerson: These things always occur at the right time. If somewhere there is a person necessary to us, or good for us, sooner or later we shall meet.

Nietzsche: How familiar that sounds! It recalls my first reading of your essays. How fresh and electric! They were the words of one discovering the world for the first time, and yet I recognized in them my own sentiments which I had rejected as inferior and worthless.

Emerson: You blamed yourself for your lack of self-confidence, no doubt, and resolved to be bolder in future.

Nietzsche: Precisely. From that moment I determined to express myself freely. Your example quickened and kindled me.

Emerson: It pleases me to hear this. I knew I could lay small claim to originality, but it was my hope that I might encourage and inspire. Your praise goes far to justify my existence on earth, and I am very content.

Nietzsche: Yes, as soon as I read your book, my thoughts exploded like a train of fire-crackers. On earth they said I copied you, was "influenced" by you. That is not true, but you did set me off.

Emerson: You make me curious. I should like to read some of your things.

Nietzsche: I should be happy to read them aloud to you, if you will permit me. I wish to point out to you certain curious parallelisms, at the same time to show you to what heights I carried certain thoughts which you were content to leave close to earth.

Emerson: I have understood that you were very daring, and were even accused of blasphemy.

Nietzsche: Blasphemy? Bah! What is "blasphemy"? A word to frighten the middle-class mind.

Emerson: As for myself, I abhor the destructive. I always endeavored to be affirmative, to build up.

Nietzsche: And when does construction begin? Not until the weeds are uprooted, the undergrowth fired, the ground swept clean!

Emerson: But is there not danger of losing something precious, some beautiful heritage, in reckless holocausts?

Nietzsche: Are you the man who once praised extravagance and excoriated routine? There was one of the torches that lighted me!

Emerson: I was speaking of thought as translated into ideal action.

Nietzsche: I know! It was not until I had read you further that I saw the extravagance you praised was to be hedged with caution, lest the neighbors talk.

Emerson: I never wished to affront my neighbors needlessly. Many of them were worthy folk, and had their rights.

Nietzsche: What precious heritage can you expect to find in a miasmatic swamp filled with rotting, middle-class beliefs? As for me, I wished to set the very horizon alight with my blaze.

Emerson: You were credited with some success in that respect. I suppose you know the ruthlessness of the German Army was attributed to your teachings.

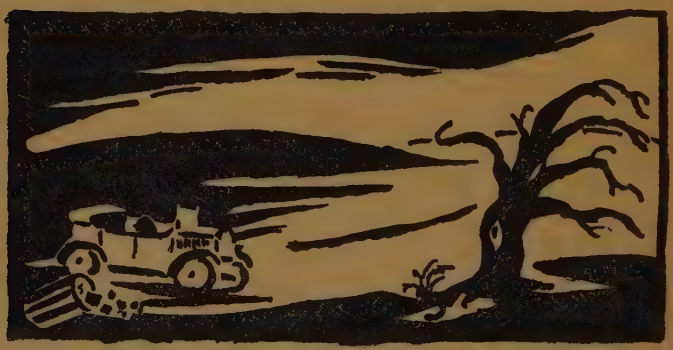
Nietzsche: I have heard! What comedy! The fools in Germany are only matched by the fools in America. Would it not set their drooling mouths further agape if some one told them that the Nietzschean precepts which supposedly led the Germans to violate Belgium, were inspired by their own precious Emerson?

Emerson: I have heard it said that the trampling Germans were swayed by your hymns to the Superman, but never that my modest essays were involved. You startle me.

Nietzsche: Is it so far from the Oversoul to the Superman? If you could say, "The only law is what is after my nature," could I not say to the soft, fat, family-drowned Germans of my day, "Be hard!"? And is not the resemblance just enough to set the superficial and the ignorant howling?

Emerson: Do you really mean to intimate that the opening crime of the World War can in any manner be traced to isolated passages in my essays through their effect on you or any other person?

Nietzsche: My dear sir, do not agitate yourself. I merely wished to point out to what fantastic heights folly can attain. You were not responsible for the invasion of Belgium and neither was I—I who so hated



The Elysian Fields.

regimentation, conformism, strutting, cant, and inflated pretense. But if I ever hear myself accused, I shall say, "Well, gentlemen, I owe my inspiration in part to your good, gentle Emerson. Only he was not so gentle!"

Emerson: Pray, how do you mean?

Nietzsche: When the Civil War ended, did you not declare yourself against a soft peace?

Emerson: I feared that human slavery was not really dead. I suppose I expressed myself rather strongly.

Nietzsche: And it was owing to my fears that human slavery would never end, that I expressed myself not only strongly but extravagantly.

Emerson: It is difficult to say what one really means.

Nietzsche: It is impossible!

THE LITTLE ONES

HEART AND HEALTH TALKS—DECEMBER

by EDWARD HOPE

Fittingly, December comes to the child as the climax, as well as the last month, of the year. The nervous strain of looking forward to the 25th begins on the first, if not before, and increases enormously day by day. In consequence of this mental disturbance, nearly any form of ill-health is to be expected. Most children, however, manage to suppress their ailments as they do their excitement and their mischief, until the great day arrives. Mild attacks of indigestion, usually due to candy that is bought from embezzled fractions of Christmas Money, are likely to appear early and to recur frequently.

As Christmas gets nearer and nearer, various symptoms show themselves. The first in most cases is insomnia, which may be looked for from the 20th on. This is good rather than bad, as the child sufferer tires himself so that by the night of the 24th he sleeps unusually soundly and is able to slumber through even the sound of Hulda spilling the decorated Tree over and of Father knocking his

highball off the piano. Loss of appetite is the next likely trouble, followed immediately by a bad head cold, the latter contracted by prowling about in night clothes after bedtime.

Christmas Day itself is almost certain to spell disaster. It begins in hysterics, works up through sneaked candy to 316% overeating at dinner, and proceeds thence to terrific stomach cramps, to conclude in mental and physical breakdown and tears late in the day. If the spirit of Peace on Earth is very strong, the child may get through unspanked. Spanking on Christmas Day is not recommended, as both parents' hands are generally sore already from winding toys, uncrating large pieces, and repairing electric trains.

Consider, too, the fact that the child is not to blame for what Christmas has become.

Several of the soothing syrups that are available at the drug stores are good for yapping children, but nothing takes the place of chloroform.—
Mr. Hope

A RECEIPT FROM D. TAYLOR'S OWN COOK BOOK

HOW TO MAKE A DIZZY BLONDE

Take a fresh green flapper. First mash, then dress well. Later remove outside wrapping, roll gently in butter (cups), then place on ice chest to cool. Take out, melt slowly before an open grate-fire. When red-hot serve under cover. (Excellent dish for midnight supper.)

THIS SEEMS TO BE THE END

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